THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2456.

A PARTING SONG.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

Sweet were the days we've spent together,
Sad must the hour of our parting be;
Through the broad meadows in summer weather,
Pleasant the path that is waiting for thee;
In the red west, where the sun is sinking,
Deep through the shadows lies my way;
And I must onwards with step unshrinking—
Thou knowest all that my heart would say.

What shall I give thee for farewell token?
How shall I speed thee, with love or with care?
Think of the words that we have spoken,
Take them for wishes, and count them for prayer;
Oh! be thou wise when life, caressing,
Would woo thee to linger, would win thee to stay;
Keep in thy soul its earliest blessing—
Thou knowest all that my heart would say.

Oft o'er my soul will a sudden yearning
Bring back the days we are leaving behind,
Bring me thy footstep, no longer returning,
Bring me thy greeting, so gay and so kind;
How shall I bless thee? No longer beside thee,
I can but love thee, and lose thee, and pray;
Yet will God love thee, and keep thee, and guide thee—
Thou knowest all that my heart would say!

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

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CHAPTER I.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home. —*Wordsworth.*

I believe I shall keep a journal.

It is one of those sullenly rainy days in summer when Nature seems determined to maintain a perpetual drizzle without accomplishing much, a purposeless, vague, dreamy day. An indistinct presence fills the silent spaces with phantoms, half-human, and my mood, speculative and questioning, chimes in with it. Since my little barque of life, freighted with one human heart, is about to commence her voyage on the broad ocean of the world, it may interest me to note the incidents.

Three months ago I was eighteen. Now it is July. I have graduated at school, and am awaiting the arrival of my guardian, who is doubtless an elderly, good-natured, prosy sort of man, of whom I know absolutely nothing, except that I am to be brought out under the auspices of his sister who is a widow. My dear kind Mr. Anthon, whom I *did* love, has been dead two years, and these St. Johns are distant relatives of his.

Some curious spell has followed me thus far. A life not wanting in incident, but deficient in all the brightness and glad hopes that make childhood a fairy land, an enchanted country that one can retire to when the cares of the world press hard and close. But if the tales of poets are true, I do not think I had any childhood.

My first remembrance seems to be of a deep forest, so thickly wooded, that the light penetrated only at rare intervals. A ledge of rock ran through it, threaded by a small rivulet, whose trickle made a pleasant melody. I believe that spot was my birthplace. No matter where my mortal eyes first saw the light, my soul sprang into existence there, baptized in floods of solemn glory, and my natal hymn chaunted by winds that blew "gales from Heaven."

After this comes a picture of a dark, gloomy house with great eaves shadowing the windows. Trees, tall and straight, old-fashioned flower beds stiff and formal, unlike the freedom and grace of Nature. I wonder now if they never felt tempted to rebel? I did when my opportunity came.

The place was roomy, but only three apartments were in general use. Once a year, when the clergyman came to tea, the parlor was opened. The furniture was all heavy and dark, every article kept strictly in its place. Here I lived with my two great aunts and a serving man. The former were maiden ladies, always old to me, reticent to sternness, yet not harsh. They were invariably dressed with the utmost neatness, they never talked loud or fast, went about the house quietly, and performed the same tasks day after day without the slightest variation.

Aunt Mildred was a trifle the smaller. I think, too, she had a gentler nature, and though I never clung to her, I had a different feeling concerning her. Children soon learn to make distinctions. They were not tender women. Neither ever caressed me. I did not miss it, for all those early years my life must have been mere negation.

One day an incident occurred that changed the tenor of my thoughts. A lady visited us, bringing a little girl of my own age. I was shy at first, but she most gracious. Golden-haired and fair as a lily, I took her at once as a type of the angels of my Bible stories. But, alas! She was vain, self-willed, imperious in temper, and full of petty deceit. My creed up to this time had been very simple, and the child astonished me. Her mother kissed and petted her continually, and there came to my heart a strange want.

Being a novice in the art of entertainment, I took her to my nook in the woods, and I certainly must have amazed the poor child by my eloquent description.

"Is it your play house?" she asked. "Have you dollies and dishes in it? Why doesn't your aunt give you some cake and sweetmeats to take there?"

"It's like a cathedral," I returned, though I confess my notions on the subject of cathedrals were exceedingly vague. "If I had a doll I shouldn't take it. Dolls can't see nor think."

"I'm afraid," she said shivering. "There are ghosts and witches in such dark places. I don't want to go."

"It's so beautiful," I returned. "And I never saw a ghost. I don't believe there are any."

We trudged on. I half carried her in spite of her desire to return. At length we reached the summit of the rock, and I waited for her to be entranced with the weird beauty. She stared around with a look of blank wonder.

"I don't see 'anything but rocks and trees," she exclaimed pettishly. "It's a dismal place, and I want to go home."

Taking her in my arms I walked down with an indignant heart. It seemed sacrilege to let her feet so much as touch a dead leaf. Ah, I did not know then that some souls were born deaf and blind, except as to material wants. And when, a few days after, as I was enjoying the grandeur of a summer shower, with its vivid lightning and heavy tread of thunder, she buried her face in her mother's lap and shrieked with terror until the shutters were closed, the measure of my contempt for her was full.

Yet that brief visit worked a great change in my childish ideas. My mother was dead. I had seen her grave in the churchyard, but I had never heard my father spoken of. I speculated awhile, and one day as I sat sewing, I said suddenly,

"Aunt Mildred, where is my father?"

She let her work fall and started in surprise, but Aunt Hester answered sternly,

"He is dead."

"Why is he not buried with my mother?"

"He did not die here," Aunt Mildred said, recovering herself. Then carelessly, "Sydnie, run find Peter. I want to see him before he goes to the village."

My errand did not detain me a moment. Crossing the hall I heard Aunt Hester say in a louder key than usual,

"I tell you she shall be brought up to despise her father as much as her silly, infatuated mother loved him!"

"You forget that in two years she can have her choice to go or stay?"

"She shall hear *my* story first. I mean to keep this girl. She is the last of *our* family, and who has a better right? Her father and grandfather have caused us suffering enough."

When I entered they subsided into their usual gravity. I was afraid to ask any further questions, but that evening, meeting Peter in the garden, I said eagerly—

"Did you ever see my father, Peter?"

"What do you know about him?" the man asked in surprise.

"I know that my mother loved him," was my confident reply, and love was no longer an idle term with me.

"Poor child! It would have been better for her if she had never seen him."

"Why?" was my importunate question. "Is he really dead? and why did he go away when my mother loved him?"

"It's no story for little girls. Your aunts will tell you about it some day."

I had to content myself there. Trained to habits of implicit obedience, I had not the confidence to venture upon any overt act, and there really seemed nothing to do. So I wondered what would happen in two years. It was like a lifetime. But I went on with the old routine. Studying and sewing at hours, reading aloud, rambling about the woods, taking occasional drives with my aunts and going to church on Sundays were the events of my life. I began to realize that I was shut away from the world as it were, the world that I learned about in my books, and I longed for some change with an intensity that fairly exhausted my strength. Aunt Mildred grew tenderer towards me, but I needed more than passive kindness.

One incident alone broke the vague dreaminess of those years. There was a room adjoining the parlor that I had never seen open, but finding the door ajar during the annual cleaning, I ventured in with great trepidation. I remember it being a perfect May morning, with floods of sunshine falling everywhere. Even here it had penetrated. Of furniture or arrangement I took little note. On the wall hung a portrait of such exquisite beauty that I was transfixed. Some strange and subtle intuition thrilled me at once. "Edith, aged 10," sleeping in her churchyard grave, became a sudden reality to me. I clasped my hands with a low cry—"Mother! mother!" Hardly more than a whisper, yet my own voice frightened me. I stood there until a hand touched my shoulder. Turning, I saw Aunt Mildred.

"It is my mother!" I exclaimed almost angrily.

"Yes. Hush, come away. Sometime I will tell you about her," and the vision was shut out of my longing sight.

"Tell me now," I cried.

"Hush; I have promised that I would not. When you are twelve years old you shall know the story. Be patient until then."

How was I to be patient a whole year! I cannot tell now how I endured it, but never was year so long. I used to have a fancy that Aunt Mildred shunned me, that as the time approached she grew colder and more distant. What change was impending?

How clearly I remember the day. With earliest dawn I was awake. Birds were twittering among the trees, breezes odorous with the peculiar freshness of spring swept through my room as I opened the window. I no longer shared my aunts' apartment, and here I reigned sole mistress. Twelve years old! What would happen to me before night? It fairly annoyed me that everything should be unchanged. The breakfast table, the same light household tasks, the quiet orders. Presently I brought my books.

"We will not have any lessons, since it is your birthday," Aunt Hester began graciously. "Your Aunt Mildred and I have been preparing some gifts for you, and after dinner we will take a pleasant drive. You are growing a large girl now, and will become more and more of a companion to us."

I was amazed and delighted. Some new dresses that looked lovely to my inexperienced eyes, a hat with a beautiful wreath of flowers, books, a work box in complete order, a drawing book with a set of pencils, and a small gold locket. I broke into the wildest enthusiasm, and though I thought of my mother and the story I was to hear, it seemed like ingratitude to remind them of it now. Indeed I was busy enough arranging my treasures, and noon came before I was aware.

A little while after dinner I stood on the porch dressed in my new finery, waiting for Aunt Mildred. A man came briskly up the path, and in answer to my exclamation Aunt Hester turned. Even now I can recall the ashen hue that overspread her countenance.

"Miss Adrianee," the stranger said, holding out his hand. "I hope I find you in good health. Is this my little ward?"

Something in his face and voice attracted me wonderfully. The health, vigor and cheerfulness, the breezy ring in the tones, the bright smile, it was like letting the sunshine into a dark room.

"You seem to be in great haste," Aunt Hester said sharply.

He laughed. "I believe the stipulation was that I should come to-day. Isn't it her birthday?" nodding to me.

"Yes," I answered with sudden boldness.

Aunt Mildred made her appearance, but started back in dismay when she observed the visitor.

"If you were going out, I will not detain you now," he said. "We can have our talk afterward."

"It makes no difference," was the haughty reply. "Peter"—as he was driving around—"we shall not go this afternoon. Will you walk in?"

We all followed Aunt Hester to the state parlor. She opened the shutters and begged the guest to be seated. Then she would have dismissed me.

"You have told her how she is situated, I presume," he said. "Have you decided whether you will try the world, little girl, or stay here in your cloister?"

"She knows nothing," Aunt Hester interrupted. "A child like her could not understand."

"I mean that she shall understand fully," he said decisively. "I certainly shall keep the promise I made to her dying mother. At the age of twelve you know she was to have her choice, to remain here, or to go away to school."

"Sydnie," my aunt said, "go to your room and lay aside your hat. You can return presently."

I obeyed, but remained up stairs thinking of what I had heard. How many times during the last year I had felt cramped and fettered in this narrow life! And to get out of it with a bound, to be free, to see something beside this lonely house. The idea carried me captive.

Aunt Hester broke in upon my reverie. The story that I had longed for was given in a bitter, resentful manner. My mother, after years of care and kindness, had eloped with a poor, miserable wretch, who had married her simply for her money, and failing to obtain possession of that, had deserted her. She had come back to them broken-hearted, and they had received her, or rather they had gone to her in her extremity, and at her death, which had occurred shortly after, taken sole charge of me. Mr. Anthon had also been appointed my guardian, and, as he had already said, at the age of twelve I should be at liberty to go to school if I chose. She set forth the hardship and trials of school life, the duty I owed them for their years of kindness, the impossibility of my leaving them, and presently allowed me to go to Mr. Anthon.

I was in a whirl of confusion, my bright visions sadly dimmed. I must have betrayed it in my face, for Mr. Anthon drew me near him and soothed me with his kindly voice.

"It will be a hard fight, little girl," he said, "and but for one or two reasons I should not urge you to make it. Your mother was most anxious you should be brought up with companions of your own age. She traced some of the misfortunes of her life to her lack of knowledge and experience, and she wished you to be forewarned. She was left a babe, in the charge of her father's sisters. I believe he had disappointed them a good deal in his marriage. They loved her with a jealous, extravagant fondness, but a younger heart won her; and when they forbade her lover the house, she listened to him and eloped. It was unwisely done, poor child. The story is too sad for one so young as you. Suffice it that they are both dead. It was her wish that at twelve you should go to school, and see more of the world than is possible in this secluded corner. I think it best also. Your great aunts are past the prime of life, and though it would be pleasant for them to keep you, at their death you would be altogether unfitted for occupying the position you might take. They consult their wishes instead of your good."

A child is easily won, perhaps. I thought of the last two dreary years, and how constantly I had wished for a change. If I only dared to go. But what if I should not like it?

He laughed genially.

"No fear of that, I think. And if you're tired of it in three months' time, I'll promise to bring you back."

Mr. Anthon stayed all night. During the evening I could not help contrasting him with my aunts. How prim and austere they seemed. How sharp Aunt Hester's tones were.

"Aunt Mildred," I said the next morning, "what would you do?"

A strange, pained look came into her face.

"Child," she answered, huskily, "do as you like."

"I should *like* to go," I said, slowly.

She came quite close to me, and I observed how tremulous her tones were.

"It will be hard to part from you, but I think you are right. Aunt Hester has all the Adriance pride. She would like you to stay here and carry on the old place after we are dead. You couldn't do it—one woman alone. You need something different from this. What happiness or pleasure would there be in it?"

"You will not think me ungrateful?" I said, hesitatingly.

"No, no; unless the after years prove you so. I will not advise, for it seems traitorous to go against my own sister, but—"

We looked at each other. I understood what she meant. We were not in the habit of giving confidences, nor was I a demonstrative child; but she stooped and kissed me, and I felt armed with her approval.

My wardrobe was arranged with a sort of sullen indifference. I believe I was really glad to go at the last, though grieved at parting with Aunt Mildred. But Mr. Anthon kept me in fine spirits during the journey; and when we reached my new home I found my courage equal to the emergency. Two of Mr. Anthon's nieces were there, rosy, laughing girls, resembling him so nearly that I soon felt at ease with them, and though shy to a degree that only a child accustomed to a solitary life could realize, in the course of a few weeks I began to feel contented and satisfied. My tasks were not hard, and music being an entirely new pleasure, enraptured me.

My vacation came in October, and Mr. Anthon took me home. The place chilled me. I wondered how these two women could go on in such an apathetical round. Glad enough was I to get back to school. I began to realize how wide a gulf there was between us, made not only by years, but habit, prejudices, and perhaps blood. For I confess I felt a little akin to my father. Mr. Anthon had once said that my mother never blamed him, and that was enough for me.

One bleak midwinter day I was suddenly summoned to the drawing-room, and found my guardian quite unlike his usual cheery self. Indeed, I had never seen him look so grave.

"I am the bearer of bad news, little girl," he said, slowly. "You must go home immediately. Your Aunt Mildred is very ill, and desires to see you."

My heart yearned towards her instantly.

"Aunt Hester is well?" was half question, half assertion.

"I don't want to shock you, but there have been sad times in the old house. Miss Hester was taken with paralysis a fortnight ago, but she rallied very soon and was thought improving until yesterday, when she had another attack which proved fatal in a few hours. Your Aunt Mildred, worn out with nursing her, is now ill with a fever. She despatched a messenger to me early this morning. It is too late to start to-night, but we will go to-morrow as soon as you can get ready."

Mrs. Derwent, the principal, was summoned to a consultation, and all arrangements made for my journey. I know now that I must have seemed a most peculiar child to her. I was more stunned than grieved—and then even the idea of death was new to me.

It was nearly dusk of the short winter day, when we reached home. I shivered as I walked slowly up the garden path. The frozen ground gave back a sullen thud to my tread, and the hoarse wind sang dismally among the leafless trees. No matter how quiet a place may be naturally, the presence of death renders it more solemn. I felt the oppression in every nerve, for I had become so accustomed to stir and tumult, and the glad voices of children.

A strange woman received us, but I went up to Aunt Mildred's room as soon as I took off my wrappings. I was shocked by the change in her. The face was wan and ashy pale, the soft eyes preternaturally bright with the fever that was consuming her. There was some passion in my heart, although it had been dwarfed by the absence of nourishing sympathies, and now it rushed to the surface like a flood. I threw my arms over the pillow and kissed her with remorseful tenderness, exclaiming in tones of anguish,

"Oh, Aunt Mildred, you must not die. Only live and I will never, never leave you again. I was wrong in wanting to go away."

"Child," she said, "do not distress yourself. Remember that I am an old woman, and could not expect much more of life. God is wiser than we, and knows best."

Something in her tone awed me.

"We are the last of our race, and it is well;" she went on slowly. "There is a different current running through your veins. Mine was warmer in youth, and yet the bright hopes of life never prospered with me. We were both proud, too proud. One sees it at the last. Has Mr. Anthon come? I want a talk with him."

"You are not able," the nurse said.

"As able as I shall ever be. After supper I want him sent to me. There is a little business to transact."

I sat by the bed holding her hand until called down-stairs. I saw no more of her that evening; but Mr. Anthon spent nearly an hour with me, trying to comfort and advise.

The next day Aunt Hester was buried. A lonesome funeral, for she had in her lifetime secluded herself from friends and neighbors. I took one glance at the rigid face, but it looked so unlike my remembrance of her that I could hardly realize the fact of relationship. Aunt Mildred had seemed improving, though her recovery was considered impossible.

This second evening set in chill and rainy. My supper was sent away untouched, and presently I was summoned to the sick room.

Aunt Mildred dismissed her nurse, and drew me to the very edge of the bed. I kissed the dimpled cheek and took her hands in mine.

"I have a long story to tell you," she began, "and I will not defer it until too late. When you are older you will understand it better, but I shall not be here then. Try to judge us both leniently."

She moved uneasily upon the pillow, and I felt her clasp tighten.

"You asked me once about your mother. Your grandfather married abroad, a Spanish woman of wonderful beauty. He brought her home soon after your mother's birth, and he came back only to die, for his health had been delicate many years. He had wasted the larger part of his fortune, and his wife and child were left to our care. Between Mrs. Adriance and Hester there was a strong antagonism. She remained with us simply because she had no other home, but it

was only for a few years. She died suddenly, and her child was ours. My sister exulted in this. She watched the little one with a more than mother's fondness and jealous care. We were comparatively young then, and had not so completely given up society. Your mother was beautiful and attractive, and was barely seventeen when she announced her engagement with a young man of whom we knew nothing. Aunt Hester was very angry. She dismissed him herself, and bade your mother forget him. Being high-spirited this led to a bitter quarrel, which was ended at length by your mother leaving her home and becoming a wife. I tried to intercede for her, but it was useless. She wrote two or three very sweet letters, but Hester remained implacable, and declared her disowned forever.

"Some fifteen months afterwards she wrote again, begging that her small fortune might be advanced, as they were in pressing want, and her husband's health had failed. Hester paid no attention to this, but in a few weeks another letter was received, imploring us to hasten to her immediately. I was not well, so Hester went alone, and shortly afterward returned with your mother and yourself, then but two months of age. How changed from the bright girl who had once been our delight. Your father had gone to his relatives and died after a short illness, though she confessed that he had overtasked himself by some exertion that had brought on one attack of hemorrhage before he left her. His relatives had discarded her altogether, and she was indeed brokenhearted. She wasted away rapidly, and soon added another to the list of early deaths. One day shortly after the burial a stranger visited us and held a long conversation with Hester. Whatever the subject was she kept to herself, only when she came in the room afterwards I noted that her face had a strange, set look, and her lips were nearly colorless.

"'This child is all ours,' she said, fiercely. 'The world shall be shut out from her as rigidly as if she were in a convent. She shall have no chance for friendship or love beyond us.'

"I should have told you that your mother appointed Mr. Anthon your guardian, and arranged that you should go to school for two years when you had reached the age of twelve, and after that choose whether you would remain with us, or henceforward battle with life yourself. Aunt Hester resolved to bring you up in such seclusion that you would be unhappy among strangers and wish to return, knowing well that Mr. Anthon would not insist upon your staying if it rendered you really miserable. I made some weak attempts to interfere, but she was always the stronger and over-ruled me, and though I loved you, I was helpless. Besides, you appeared cheerful and contented, and I was afraid of rendering you dissatisfied without being able to place any better ailment in your way. Forgive us both, my weakness and her jealous coldness. Old blood does not warm easily. I want you to have a happier life than we ever knew. This place is to be sold. Mr. Anthon will tell you the rest. Kiss me, child, and remember me kindly when I am gone. Mine has been a poor wasted life."

I kissed her with a strange awe, and hardly understood the full import of what she had said.

"Call the nurse."

The woman would have sent me away, but I felt that Aunt Mildred wanted me, for the wistful eyes watched me unceasingly. I promised to be very quiet and kept my seat, still holding her hand. She was very much exhausted, and scarcely seemed to breathe.

That was a weird, ghostly night, and haunts me yet. The red blaze of the logs upon the hearth, the fitful glare of the candle, the winds moaning outside, dashing fierce gusts of rain against the windows, and the awesome silence within. I tried to think of my mother, but all in my brain was chaos. The nurse seated herself by the fire, and presently fell into a doze. I was not a coward, yet a peculiar fear seemed to pervade every nerve, and I watched breathlessly for something that I could not define or shape into thought. The candle burned dimly, the blaze on the hearth began to smoulder, and the room was peopled with phantoms.

There was a stir, and a feeble voice murmured—"Sydnie!"

I bent over Aunt Mildred until my cheek touched hers. It was unlike anything I had ever felt.

"One thing more. Forgive her. Poor worn heart, distracted with its own jealous longings. I know she was sorry afterwards, but she destroyed it in a moment of fierce passion. The picture—"

I was too much frightened to comprehend or utter any cry.

"Is it morning?"

"No," I said; "it must be near midnight."

"God help us all, for we are weak, and the way is thorny. Child, Sydnie, let us go, for the day breaks."

She clutched my hand and partially raised herself, then fell back. I understood the struggle, yet could not stir, fascinated by the very terror. How many moments I know not, but the candle gave an expiring flash and went out. The nurse roused herself and lighted another. Coming to the bed she glanced at the set and stony eyes.

"Why, miss, she's dead!" was her terrified exclamation.

It was blindness, darkness, nothingness to me. I knew they took me out of the room, but for days after that I was ill for the first time in my life.

Mr. Anthon stayed until I was sufficiently recovered to go back to school. I was thankful to leave the dreary place, and glad to hear that it was to be sold. My mother's portrait had been destroyed by a ruthless hand, so there was nothing I cared to retain.

"There 'll be a brighter life before you," my guardian said, kindly. "Those two old women moped themselves to death, and were full of whims and cranks. It was enough to kill any child. And I don't think Miss Hester did the right thing by you or your mother. However that's all over now."

It was not all over with me for a long while, but I did outgrow those impressions with the years. Three were spent with Mrs. Derwent, then a change was deemed advisable. In my quiet, self-contained way I had learned to love Mr. Anthon dearly. Every vacation was made delightful by some pleasure trip, wearing away more and more the isolation produced by my childhood.

Two years ago he died, as I have said. I missed him sorely, and am afraid I shall not take kindly to my new guardians, Mr. St. John and his widowed sister, Mrs. Lawrence. She came shortly after her relative's death, but all I seem to remember was a glitter of silk and lace, and a shimmer of blonde curls. I am to enter society under her auspices.

I wonder how I shall like the great world? Most of the girls are eager to try it, but I dread leaving my cloister. We have gossiped over it in a thoughtless fashion, as if love and marriage were all.

It is curious to stand on the threshold of a new life, not knowing whither one is to go.

The silent night falls over me as I write. The rain has ceased, and through the rifted clouds the stars are shining.

CHAPTER II.

"Do you not know I am a woman? When I think I must speak." —*Rosalind.*

I am at Laurelwood.

Let me go back to the day on which I commenced my journal. The next morning I received a note, stating that Mr. St. John would call for me at four, as the boat left at five.

I believe Dr. Johnson somewhere says we can never do a thing consciously for the last time without a feeling of sadness. I experienced the truth of this remark. Though the long dining hall was nearly deserted, there was a homelike charm about the place. Even the vase of colored grasses, grown tiresome on other days, held a certain sense of beauty. The walks I had paced, the room in which I had studied and dreamed, wore the look of a familiar friend. "Farewell," I said, with a pang, for it was hard to disever my thoughts from them.

At the appointed time I was summoned to the reception room and introduced to Mr. St. John. He was not at all what I had expected, and the difference made me positively shy and awkward at first. A man about thirty, tall, compact, and full without being stout, with a chest and limbs one gives to the old athletes. He impresses one as having a peculiar strength, and his face completes the suggestion. I did not think him handsome at first. I watched him as he talked to Miss Deforrest and found an odd, piquant charm in his face. A broad, full forehead, and a really magnificent head, hair of a nondescript color—brown in one of its variations I suppose, fine and silky, the ends curling in dainty rings. I set that down as too girlish. Beard of a little deeper color, almost black underneath, a fair, fresh complexion, with a smooth, soft skin, like a child's. Eyes of blue or gray, with a curious, steely gleam; straight, delicate brows above them; a straight nose, Grecian in type; a small mouth, with curved, scarlet lips. But the sense of power and will grew upon you. In some moods this face could be very tender, in others bitter, perplexing, imperious and indifferent.

Miss Deforrest was called away. Mr. St. John glanced down to my end of the sofa with the good-natured smile one gives a child.

"The rain interfered with my plans yesterday," he said, and the voice was like the man—not what one usually meets with. "I expected to come for you—I dare say you had the blues, shockingly!"

"I am not much troubled with the malady," I answered curtly.

"How odd! I thought all school girls were subject to it. But of course rainy days make you cross?"

The assurance in the tone vexed me.

"I have no particular dislike to rainy days; on the contrary, I think some are positively enjoyable," I said coldly.

"I shall watch the next stormy day with great interest;" and there was a little gleam in his eye that provoked me. I would not make any answer.

"I believe I shall have to send you to make your adieux," he said presently, glancing at his watch. "It is quite a ride to the landing."

I merely bowed and left him. There were a few farewells and kindly wishes, and then I put on my bonnet and mantle and took one last glimpse of myself in the little mirror. Was the face I saw crude and schoolgirlish?

Our drive was a very quiet one. I had an uncomfortable consciousness that Mr. St. John's eyes were studying me, yet if I turned mine to his vicinity, his expression was grave and absent. Some of the girls had been fond of discussing faces and predicting character, a subject that always interested me deeply. I wondered what any other person would think of him, and because I could not please myself in an analysis, I was fairly annoyed. Indeed, he seemed to make his face express very little just then, but I had a misgiving that it was only like a crouching lion, the power held in reserve.

He was most kind and gentlemanly, not with any excess of politeness, but the peculiar ease that makes one feel thoroughly comfortable. We found our way through the crowd at the wharf, and my belongings were soon safely deposited in my state-room. The whole scene was novel to me, because my own position in it was so new.

After supper we went on deck. The shores we were leaving behind made suggestive pictures in their lengthened perspective. Yellow fields, heavy and ripe for harvest; clumps of woods, dense and shadowy; clustering villages, boats skimming the river, and an occasional flock of homeward-bound birds. The air was fragrant with the spicy breath of summer and the dewiness of coming night.

Just as the sun was setting the moon rose, and the effect of the double light upon the water was indescribable. The clouds, rolling off to the horizon, made long, low islands of purple and sapphire, that seemed floating in a sea of pearl, while now and then a crimson arrow shot up, leaving in its wake a long trail of golden glory. The river was calm, with slow, regular swells, except where the boat flung upward a line of foam. A light mist crept along the curves of the shore, like a troupe of fairy phantoms. Here we passed dusky ravines, there a rock where the water dashed up in playful passion, making its gray sides sparkle as if set with gems. My companion pointed out some spot lovelier than the rest with the eye of one who had studied nature closely.

"How grave you have grown," he said at length. "Do you grieve for what you are leaving behind?"

"Not quite that," I made answer; "and yet one does shrink a little from an untried life, with its stern realities."

"Are you given to conjuring up giants in the way? As if life was likely to be anything but rose-color to a girl who holds as much in her hands as people usually do."

"It *is* sometimes," I said positively.

"You have been cultivating imagination largely."

"I may have had some reality, although you seem so doubtful about it," I answered.

"No life is all sunshine, nor was it so intended. And yet I think God doesn't mean us to fear the future. We are to take up daily events with hopeful hearts, and shape them into a higher form than crude fragments."

"But how few live in earnest;" for somehow the rare inflection of his voice touched me.

"What is your idea of an earnest life?"

"Something better than mere froth and foam, or selfish enjoyments—an existence in which one leaves enduring marks of having labored to benefit his kind, to strengthen the weary, comfort those who are tried and tempted, and point out a better path for them to walk in."

"You have been reading German metaphysics, Miss Adriance."

"Surely the strong angel of the useful loses none of his power when joined to the spirit of the beautiful."

"Few care to unite them thus upon the bridge of life. The useful angel too often goes about clad in coarse raiment, and people instinctively shrink from him. Where will you begin with your mission?"

"I have not decided."

"Like a woman! People in the moon are generally benefitted most by these visionary schemes."

"I can commence with myself," I said, "since you seem to commiserate the people in that distant locality."

"Ah, I thought you were through with yourself, and ready to undertake the salvation of others. You should have lived in the past centuries when crusades were fashionable."

"I am content to live now, but I shall try to live in earnest."

"Be a sort of reformer, martyred on the cross of public opinion. You will gain some glory that way."

"I am not ambitious of such glory," I said, indignantly.

"Take up the sins and follies of society. There is a wide field. But I am afraid this wicked old world is bent upon rushing to destruction, in spite of sages and prophets."

I was ready to cry with vexation. He stood there in the moon-light looking really handsome, but cool and provoking; and I had a dim suspicion that in his heart he was laughing at me.

"You'll improve on these romantic notions after a little," he said, gravely. "Young men and young women have a great fancy for fighting impossible giants. It's a kind of mental measles. But they get over it, and come to the stage where they are interested in each other, when the lancers at night or a bouquet in the morning is sufficient to restore the balance of the most vascillating mind."

"I shall endeavor to reach something higher than these trifles."

"Miss Adriance, I have seen a good deal of the world, and have the advantage of you by more than a dozen years. I know what most women's lives are. A good deal of dressing and display, some flirting, harmless, of course, for in society one plays a sort of give and take game, with the heart left out, and a good marriage at the last. That is the great stake, and failing there, your life will be pronounced unsuccessful."

The girls used to talk of this at school. I can't tell why, but it invariably annoyed me. And to have him take it up in this cool, tantalizing manner!

"Marriage is not the great aim and end of all lives," I said, angrily.

"Isn't it? Miss Adriance, I *do* begin to believe you were meant for a reformer. When a young woman has sufficient courage to dare the terrors of going down to posterity as *Miss* somebody or other, she must be stronger than the majority of her sex. Let me see—what will you do? There's the Woman's Rights question. I have not sufficient brain to take in all its bearings; in fact, when I go over it, I invariably get muddled; but I dare say you have given it a good deal of attention. Women, being tired of reasonable employments, have a desire to soar to the unreasonable. They want to manage the business part, and generously propose that the sterner sex shall stay at home and enjoy themselves."

"It is you who are unreasonable," I interrupted, angrily. "A man always exaggerates when he undertakes to express a woman's opinions. Are we blind and deaf to those higher calls of the soul? When we are held in bondage to the false and unsubstantial, and see above us the gleam of truth, and purity, and loftiness, do you suppose no pulse is ever stirred, no desire awakened that leads us to struggle after the fine gold, instead of the base counterfeits the world offers us? If it is right for a man to make his life grand and noble, why cannot a woman *try* at least."

"*Is* truth at the bottom of these struggles? I believe it is oftener some paltry ambition. It jars against one's idea of a woman to see her so eager for contests that must render her harder, even if she escape the coarseness."

"You don't understand me," I said, trying to keep calm.

He laughed again. Such a provoking, cynical, yet withal musical sound! I believe I almost hated him.

"You do not make yourself at all intelligible. Here you are with your head full of school-girl nonsense, ready to do battle for some great cause of which you are beautifully ignorant, and—shall I make a prediction—in six months you will be so deeply engrossed with pomps and societies, and a lover, that you will be quite willing to let the world jog on at its old rate. It has stood a good many such assaults, Miss Adriance."

I lost all my patience, never very extensive, perhaps. I was not hoping for unattainable good, not trying to make a martyr of myself, but willing to take the world as I found it, having an even chance with others for happiness. I did not mean to kneel at the shrine of fashionable follies and make them my highest good. There was a better aliment for human souls. The contention grew warmer, he irritating me beyond endurance. All this under a sky of soft splendor, and at our feet the murmurous waves beating time to chaunts of melody, while the very air seemed blowing out waves of liquid light. The sense of harmony all around made me feel more indignant with him. I rose haughtily, and bade him good-night.

I had taken a step or two, when he said, softly,

"Miss Adriance?"

I stood irresolute, and then—I am ashamed to confess it—turned partially. His face had changed wonderfully, and I had the feeling of being drawn into some vortex.

"Come, Miss Adriance," he said, "I am not going to let you leave me in such a mood. This is the first night of our acquaintance, and I want you to have pleasant dreams of me. Remain until you are good humored."

He had taken my hand, but I drew it away with an impatient gesture, and left him. He had been barbarously unjust, and he would find that I was no child to be coaxed into agreeableness with a word. If I found his sister as captious and irritating, my life would not open very delightfully. I wished myself back at school, or anywhere, in fact, where I should not see him. I had acted unwisely in allowing him to provoke me, but he might have had a little generosity if our beliefs were dissimilar. "*I* never can like him," I said to myself as I fell asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$16.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

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HENRY PETTERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We begin this week the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

THE INCOME TAX.

We are sorry to see that there is an indisposition in Congress to remove, or at least lighten, the heavy burden of the Income Tax—which is such a grievous weight, now that all the expenses of a family are so heavy.

It seems to us it can easily be done. Say the receipts from the Income Tax the present year will be $50,000,000. Now the army is at present composed of nearly 60,000 men—the cost of keeping whom, (including bounties, &c.,) is set down at $125,000,000.

We, for our part, would be quite willing to dispense with our share of the glory of having an army of 60,000 men, if Congress would cut down said army to 30,000 men, and abolish the Income Tax at the same time. Such a reduction in the army would about be equivalent for the loss of the Income Tax.

Nearly 30,000 men also would be set to work by this plan, who now simply idle around, and as they ought to be able to make on the average $1.50 a day, or $450 a year, there would be the large sum of $13,500,000 added to the yearly products of the country.

Both President Johnson, and possible President Ben. Wade, are, we believe, in favor of such a reduction of the army and of taxation—Mr. Wade certainly, judging by his recently published remarks to a correspondent of a Cincinnati paper.

Thirty thousand men, it seems to us, is an ample force for all the present or probable necessities of the country. If a large army were needed for any purpose, it could be raised at a month's warning out of the half-a-million of discharged volunteers. But it seems useless to keep 30,000 men on hand, when the country is so pressed and harrassed with taxes, for an emergency that will probably never arise, and which if it should, could be easily met in another manner.

Then why not reduce the army to 30,000 men, and abolish the oppressive and inquisitorial income tax?

ON THE HEIGHTS. A Novel. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. "On every height there lies repose." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Phila.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By HENRY WHITE. With Illustrations. The author of this work, in his Preface, says:—The author has tried to write impartially: he has weighed conflicting evidence carefully, and has never willingly allowed prejudices to direct his judgment. If he has not painted the unscrupulous Catharine de Medicis and the half insane Charles in such dark colors as preceding writers, he has carefully abstained from whitewashing them. He has shown that they both possessed many estimable qualities, and has carefully marked the steps by which they attained such an eminence in evil." Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819 and 821 Market street, Philada.

A SMALLER HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, L.L. D. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

ANDREAS HOFER. An Historical Novel. By LOUISA MUHLBACH, author of "Joseph 2 and his Court," &c. Illustrated by Gaston Fay. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

LADY ALICE; OR, THE NEW UNA. A Novel. This novel, when first published some years ago, made a great sensation. Many doubtless will be delighted to meet with it again. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD. A Novel. By a Barrister. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

DUNALLAN; OR, KNOW WHAT YOU JUDGE. By GRACE KENNEDY, author of "Father Clement," &c. A book which when first published, many years ago, was very popular. Published by James S. Claxton, 1214 Chestnut St. Philada.

THE MARRIAGE VERDICT. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE GALAXY. We notice that this excellent Magazine is to be enlarged and improved. We wish it all success. It is published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The April number contains the usual excellent assortment of articles. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

Mozart.

Mozart, gay and hopeful in temperament, and confident in his own genius, never desponded, but he was worn out by the struggle with adverse circumstances. He was in love, and the mother of the sweet and faithful Constance Weber sternly refused to consent to his marriage with her daughter, until he had obtained a settled position; and this position the fates as sternly denied him. Finally, he married Constance in spite of all opposition, and neither of the lovers had cause to regret their resolution. They were happy in their affection, and remained so until after Mozart's death, but they were never free from the torment of poverty, debt, harrassing cares. The brilliant and successful composer, the author of "Idomeneus," "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," the "Magic Flute," operas that made the fortunes of all the managers who produced them, was obliged to waste his precious time and strength in giving music lessons even to little children from morning until night. For "Don Giovanni" he received a hundred ducats, for the "Magic Flute" nothing. He wrote it to assist Schikaneder, the director of the Leopold Theatre, who was in distress, and the ungrateful manager sold it to all the other theatres in Germany, the sole right which Mozart had reserved for himself, after *giving* it to Schikaneder for his own use. In our day, in which really great artists dictate their terms to managers, and are so magnificently rewarded for their exertions, it is almost impossible to conceive a Mozart crushed by such injustice. Yet crushed he was not. His spirit was indomitable, and rose superior to fortune. But his physical strength gave way, and sinking beneath the double burden imposed upon him—the necessity of his own nature to labor incessantly in creating, and the necessity of laboring for a painful support—he died.

Nothing can be more touching, more pathetic and poetic than Mozart's death. He received a mysterious order to compose a "Requiem," and already conscious of his failing strength, felt too clearly that the Requiem would be for himself. He wrote it, and his task was fulfilled. His friends gathered about him and he wished to hear it sung—the wonderful death song! Gussmmayer sat down at the piano, Schack sang the soprano, Hoffer the tenor, Garl the bass, and Mozart—the dying Mozart—the alto. Softly the waves of music swept through the dimly-lighted chamber, and when they ceased the silence was unbroken. Then suddenly, one of Mozart's friends entered, bringing him the joyous news that the City of Vienna had elected him Capellmeister of St. Stephen's Cathedral. Three letters were brought him, the first offering him the position of musical director of one of the first Capelles of Germany; the other two, from Pressburg and Amsterdam, giving orders for the composition of several works, at a large price. The composer passed his small, wasted hand over his forehead and murmured, scarcely audibly, and with unspeakable sadness: "It is too late."

A few years, it may be even a few months earlier, these letters would have secured him a long and happy life; they came now to offer a mocking tribute to his genius, when he was sinking into the grave. Almost the last words that he uttered were:—"Constance, keep my death a secret till Albrechtsberger can get my place."

"Even in his last hour his thoughts were not for himself, but for his friends! He whom fate and men had repulsed and forgotten through his whole life, on his very deathbed was planning that his friend might receive the only gift that he could leave him—his own position, which he had but that morning received."

They laid the requiem upon his breast, and slower and fainter grew the beatings of his heart, until just at midnight the new day came, and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was no more.

THE FIRST WEDDING:

Biography of the Happy Couple.

BY A DISTANT RELATIVE.

A great many years ago—long before it had entered into the mind of man to build the Tower of Babel, or lay out the city of Buffalo, or do many other foolish and wicked things—there dwelt in a distant land a gentleman called Adam, whose surname was Firstman, who became enamored of a beautiful young lady known as Eve B. Guiled. His attentions appear to have been accepted and reciprocated by the young lady, and she became convinced that he was "the only man who she could ever love," if we may judge by the following communication which she made to John Milton, who followed the rather singular vocation of advertising things "lost and found" upon her Father's estate: "Confirmed then I resolved Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe; so dear I love him, that with him all death I could endure, without him live no life."

This being equivalent to the modest declaration that the lady is willing that her lover should begin to "pay her board," arrangements were immediately made to have the union consummated, and in the absence of any official clergyman, the ceremony was performed in the most simple and unostentatious manner, in the beautiful garden of Eden. The auspicious moment having arrived, the groom took the white and little hand of his bride, unadorned even by a "plain gold ring," and, affectionately imprinting upon it a kiss, reverently said: "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." No cards. Thus was joined in the holy bonds of wedlock the first couple of which we have any knowledge. There was no "rotund, spectacled" father-in-law, no interested mother-in-law, with her legendary smelling-bottle, and no dear unmarried aunt present.

Nor was the ubiquitous "Jenkins" there to "write up the affair," so the readers of the Daily Post Diluvian could not take in, with their coffee and cakes, next morning, a detailed account of what was done, and said, and worn, at the wedding, much to the regret, doubtless, of the jolly Post Diluvians. But Jenkins, had he been there, would have found it difficult to get up a sensation article, for there was an entire absence of all obtrusive display and reckless extravagance upon the occasion refreshing to contemplate. The outfit of the groom was plain and simple, perhaps the most noticeable thing about it being the absence of the "dress coat," prescribed on such occasions by "our best society." The bridal costume was marked by perfect simplicity and the absence of all expensive and extravagant adornments. There must have been something very becoming in this costume, as certain ladies in fashionable life, at the present day, imitate it as closely as possible, when in "full dress."

Dispensing with the practice now so prevalent, of indulging in a wedding tour, and not caring to publicly proclaim themselves as newly-married by the occupation of the bridal chambers in the hotels and on steamcars, the happy couple settled quietly down to enjoy the cares of married life in the Garden of Eden, and were noted for their plain and unpretending manner in living. They kept no carriage, hired no opera-box, gave no costly entertainments, but contented themselves with the simple, inexpensive and satisfactory pleasures of enjoyment incident to their circumstances and surroundings. Adam was a good husband; he spent his evenings (and a good many of his days) at home; he had no business engagements "down street" after dark, nor did he belong to a club. He spent his evenings at home with his wife, whom he never humiliated by coming home late o'nights with a "brick in his hat" and a very ambiguous dialect. He did not even "color a meerschaum," but retained in his cheeks the color which else had been transmitted in deeper hue to the bowl of the pipe. His sleep was undisturbed by the effects of dissipation or the nightmares of the stock market; hence was calm and refreshing. Undoubtedly he was an early riser and loved "the dewy morn"—as we are sure he did "the gentle Eve." Eve was, doubtless, a very beautiful woman. Milton testifies that "grace was in her steps, heaven in her eyes, in every gesture dignity and love." She deserved, if any of her sex ever did, the credit of caring little for the blandishments of dress. Her tastes and habits were eminently domestic, and for her in truth there was no place like home.

Her amusements were few; she cared little for opera or ball, but she probably attended the matinees of nature's songsters in the open air, where ushers, programmes and reserved seats were unknown, and it is not unlikely that she frequently accompanied Adam to see the menagerie or collection of animals in the garden. We know that Adam went, for the Scriptures tell us that upon one occasion he called the animals names.

Eve, so far as we know, spent little time and money in "shopping," and it is not probable that she had ever heard of "Stewart's," the Mecca of American women. She never sent Adam to a restaurant for his meals on Mondays because they were "washing days," nor made his life miserable by reason of a semi-annual "house cleaning." She was not a heartless woman of the world, nor did she ever indulge in gossip or scandal; she had no affiliations with Mrs. Grundy and kindred spirits, and never troubled herself about the ownership of any "extra pair of stockings" dangling from her neighbor's clothesline. Eve was frugal, contented and happy, moving serenely in first circles, and, undoubtedly, Adam loved her devotedly. Mr. Milton, who appeared to have esteemed the family highly, intimated as much, and we have no doubt that he knew. We regret to add that misfortune eventually came upon this happy family. Eve unfortunately became involved in a transaction in fruit—apples, principally—in which Adam was involved, and their property, including the "homestead," passed out of their possession, and they were obliged to seek a residence elsewhere. From this time we know little about them, except that Adam, by careful attention to his diet, managed to live to the age of nine hundred and thirty, and died in the prime of manhood, his life being shortened, doubtless, materially by the loss of his property. Whether Eve survived him or deceased first we cannot say, but presume she did.

Personal Habits and Manners of President Lincoln.

A correspondent of the Utica Herald gives the following as the reminiscences of a Mr. Eaton, of Springfield, who said he knew Mr. Lincoln for thirty years: "I am a carpenter, and built his house for him. He was often in my house and I in his. I sold him the first and I think the only cow he ever owned. He came for her himself and led her home with a rope. He was the most common, sociable man I ever knew. His wife was rather quick-tempered, used to fret and scold about a great deal, but I don't believe Mr. Lincoln was ever angry in his life. I knew him when he first came to Springfield. I had been here about a year. There were only a few scattered houses when I came. Young Lincoln, I remember, was an awkward, hard working young man. Everybody said he would never make a good lawyer, because he was too honest. He came to my shop one day, after he had been here five or six months, and said he had a notion to quit studying law and learn the carpenter's trade. He thought there was more need of carpenters out here than lawyers. Mrs. Lincoln's folks were dreadfully opposed to her union with Abe. She had two sisters and a brother living here; they live here now, and are very wealthy, aristocratic and highly respectable people. Mrs. Lincoln never goes there; they have never spoken to each other as I know of since the day she and Lincoln were married; first they would not speak to her because she had brought such disgrace upon them by marrying Abe Lincoln. After Lincoln began to show his colors a little, began to be popular, Mrs. Lincoln would not speak to them, but Abe was on good terms with everybody. He used always to do his own marketing, even after he was elected President, and before he went to Washington, I used to see him at the baker's and butcher's every morning, with his basket on his arm. Everybody respected him—no more after he was President than they did before. He was kind and sociable with every one. He would speak to every one. After he was elected we would sometimes address him as 'Mr. President,' or 'glad to shake the hand of our President.' 'Well, yes, I suppose so,' he would say. 'I shall have to go and leave you before long. You must call and see me when I am living in the big house.' He was so common, so kind, so childlike, that I don't believe there was one in this city but who loved him as a father or brother. He was a very liberal man, too much so, perhaps, for his own good. I am one of the trustees of the First Baptist Church, and although Mr. Lincoln was not an attendant with our congregation, he would always give $15, $20, or $25 every year to help support the minister. He was sure to give something to every benevolent and charitable purpose that came along. 'Well, how much do you want I should give?' he would say, drawing his purse. 'You must leave me a little to feed the babies with.' There was considerable talk here about Mrs. Lincoln's bad temper. She was very irritable, and would often say things she would afterward be sorry for. I have often heard her say to Mr. Lincoln, 'Why don't you dress up and try to look like somebody?' Sometimes she would get in a stew and refuse to get his meals for him. I was one morning in the eating saloon round in Monroe street fixing up a counter, when Mr. Lincoln and his oldest son, Robert, then only a little boy, came in and ordered breakfast. After the meal was served, Mr. Lincoln leaning back in his chair, and commencing to pick his teeth, says to the boy, who had not quite finished, 'Well, Robby, this ain't so very bad after all, is it? If ma don't conclude to let us come back we will board here all summer.' He never seemed to be the least ruffled—always calm and pleasant. Lincoln was sitting in the telegraph office talking with everybody around him as usual, when the dispatch came announcing his nomination to the Presidency by the Chicago Convention. After the dispatch was read, Mr. Lincoln gets up and says, 'There's a woman over to my house who I guess would be pleased to hear that bit of news. I'll walk over and tell it to her.' He was never cast down by adversity, never elated by success."

An Untoward Event.

There resides in a certain city an old gentleman, a merchant, who has an only daughter possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal and pecuniary. She was engaged to a young man as well off in worldly goods as herself. They were all in all to each other, and the day was fixed for their union. Some two weeks previous to the time appointed for the wedding the espoused attended a soiree, at which a quarrel occurred between them in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a young lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightingly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; and that he thought she had adopted a certain portion of male attire "a little too soon."

After supper both the lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work; and leave was taken by the bridegroom *in posse*, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms, as had previously terminated their meetings.

On the next morning, the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and on the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and as a part of the amende honorable, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect:

"Dearest, I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking of our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your affectionate ——."

Having written the note, he gave it to a boy to deliver. But, as a pair of unmentionables wanted repairing, he sent them to his tailor by the same messenger. The inevitable contretemps the reader will at once anticipate. Yes, the boy made a fatal blunder; he left the satin dress with the tailor, and the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased. So exasperated was she at what she considered a determined but deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks were elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present; but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her unlucky lover.

A Methodist Minister on Amusements.

Rev. Dr. Whedon, editor of the Methodist Quarterly, and one of the ablest and most scholarly men in the Methodist church, displays great candor in treating the subject of amusements in the last number of his Review. He raises questions that it has not generally been thought safe to agitate overmuch in evangelical circles, as the following extract will show:—

"During the past summer we have seen ministers in high standing, and of pure religious reputation, play hours at croquet, and at evening, without apparent loss of spirituality, or of power in their words before the people, lead the social prayer-meeting. We have seen three doctors of divinity, and one promising candidate for that honor, playing nine-pins at the same alley. We have seen leading ministers of different denominations in a large parlor lead the assembly in 'amusements,' at charades, conundrums, and other like sports of mind; and, with no misgivings in any mind, preach and administer communion a Sabbath or two after. Was, or was not, all this right? if so, upon what principle? And must there not be some discrimination to satisfy and guide the public mind, rather than vague pronunciations against 'popular amusements?' If conferences and preachers' meetings pass resolutions against amusements, and then spend a good part of the summer in amusing themselves, should not the principle of the double action be clearly expounded? Otherwise they may in public estimation lose character for consistency, or justly cut themselves off from those recreations which they themselves esteem necessary and right."

☞ A story is told of a good woman who visited the place in New York where it was said chickens were hatched and reared without hens. She was shown some drawers lined with cotton, where the eggs are kept warm with artificial heat. Turning away with great disgust, she exclaimed: "Is that all, hatching chickens out of *eggs!* Who could not hatch chickens out of *eggs!*"

☞ Why is there no future for fowls? Because they have their necks twirled (next world) in this.

☞ BRIDAL PRESENTS.—At a fashionable wedding in Brattleboro', Vt., recently, a cynical old gentleman presented the bride with a pair of flat-irons, a wash-board, mop, broom, and gridiron. These cheap but useful articles indicate the peculiar duties of a good housewife, and were probably designed to bring reproach upon the extravagant presentations of the mass of useless trash and tinsel which composes the bridal gifts of the present day.

☞ That venerable belle of Baltimore, Madame Bonaparte, widow of Jerome, preserves her face from wrinkles by abstaining from both laughter and tears. She also nightly encases her taper fingers in metallic thimbles, and has done so for the last forty years. "Consequently," says Jenkins, "her hand retains much of its original symmetry, and the decay of her charms is as sweet and faultless as the falling leaves of the rose."

☞ A young man recently ascended the Tower of the London Crystal Palace, read the appropriate portion of the church service, and threw himself down, killing himself instantly.

☞ The following is the English mode of doing things—it is from a speech in Parliament last session:—"I beg to call the attention of my noble friend, the noble duke, to an observation which my noble friend, the noble duke, is reported to have made, and which my noble friend, the noble duke, will find upon reflection to be inconsistent with strict veracity." This is better than the coarse mode of some of our Congressmen.

☞ "How many boarders have you, madam?" said a military officer to the keeper of quite a respectable boarding-house in Nineteenth St. "Why," said the lady, "I have a number in the city, and several who make short visits from the country." "But how many steady boarders have you?" "Why, out of the ten now in the house, there are not more than three I can call steady."

☞ At a late ball in Philadelphia the floor was covered with white satin paper, marked off in red mosaics, at a cost of $300.

☞ An eccentric clergyman lately said in one of his sermons, that "about the commonest proof we have that man is made of clay, is the brick so often found in his hat."

☞ PAR.—The grandmother of a well-known financier, having reached the patriarchal age of ninety-nine years and eight months, feeling very weak one morning, sent for her doctor, and asked him if he thought she could attain the age of one hundred. "Well, madam," he replied, "you may depend upon my doing my best." "O, do," replied the old lady; "I should so much like to reach par!"

☞ The Rev. Newman Hall, in a recent lecture in England, says Mrs. Stowe told him that she "imagined" the death of Uncle Tom while taking the sacrament one Sunday. She went home and imagined some more, and ultimately filled in the rest of her story to that "blessed vision" of the dying negro. The book was begun with the death scene, and the rest was made to lead up to it.

☞ A representation of a flute and a harp has been found in a tomb near the Pyramids, which is considered to prove that these instruments are at least four thousand years old.

☞ If your cause is good, be sure you do not injure it by a bad spirit; if it is bad, give it up at once.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The President has submitted his answer to the charges against him, and the Managers have replied in one short article.

The President's answer to the first article of Impeachment maintains that Mr. Stanton held office only by virtue of his appointment by Mr. Lincoln; that his retention in office was incompatible with the public interest and with the proper discharge of the duties of the War Office, and that his removal was in accordance with law and precedent, and was made in expectation of a judicial settlement of the difficulty. The Tenure of Office act, even if constitutional, does not cover Mr. Stanton's case. The answers to the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth articles deny the charges of conspiracy, and attempting to hinder the execution of the Tenure of Office act, also the allegation of conspiracy to use force. In reply to the ninth article, the particulars of the interview with Gen. Emory are given, and it is denied that the respondent tried to induce Emory to violate the law, it being asserted that the President merely expressed an opinion. The answers to the tenth and eleventh articles deny the correctness of the reports of the speeches made by respondent; assert that the President has always officially recognized the legitimate authority of Congress, and declares that in expressing his views in public addresses he only exercised his right as an American citizen speaking to his fellow-citizens.

The President was given till the 30th inst. to prepare for the trial.

CONGRESS.—The President vetoed the Judiciary Bill, and the Senate has repassed it by 33 to 0, and the House by 112 to 34.

A new Bill to admit Alabama has been introduced into the House.

THE MCARDLE CASE.—The Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, after consultation, have agreed to postpone action in the McArdle case.

GEN. HANCOCK.—The President has issued an order through Gen. Grant, assigning Gen. Hancock to the command of the Department of the Atlantic, with headquarters in Washington.

KANSAS.—The Republican Convention declared in favor of Grant for President, and the payment of U. S. Bonds in gold.

OREGON.—The Democratic Convention have nominated Pendleton for President.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.—Emeutes are reported to have occurred at Bordeaux, and seditious placards have made their appearance at Paris, Lyons, Marseilles and Rheims. The reforming of the "Garde Mobile" is assigned as the cause of these disturbances.

PRUSSIA.—The Council of the North German Confederation has approved the treaty recently concluded with the United States concerning the rights of naturalized American citizens.

AUSTRIA.—The Civil Marriage law has finally passed both Houses of the Reichsrath. There was great rejoicing amongst the people, and the city of Vienna was generally illuminated.

ITALY.—Despatches from Rome state that Admiral Farragut continues to receive the most distinguished attentions from the Papal Government, and is overwhelmed with invitations to public honors, which he is compelled to decline. He will be obliged to remain there for four or five weeks, in consequence of a severe abscess which has broken out on his leg.

☞ An intended bride, for some time a school-teacher in Hudson City, N. J., met with a serious disappointment on Tuesday evening. Everything was ready for the marriage and the bride had appeared clothed in her wedding garments, when a note arrived from her betrothed, stating that, as he had a wife and four children in Connecticut, he was afraid to venture on this new contract.

☞ A teacher who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying, that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

☞ Russia, it is reported, has forbidden the manufacture or sale of colored sweetmeats, the Government having an eye to the health of the rising generation.

☞ Give light, and the darkness will disperse itself.—*Erasmus.*

☞ HOME MUSIC.—Our homes are like instruments of music. The strings that give music or discord are the members. If each is rightly attuned they will all vibrate in harmony; but a single discordant string jars through the instrument and destroys its sweetness.

☞ Mrs. Cady Stanton has visited the Supreme Court with an opera glass, and gives Judges Chase and Nelson a particular puff. The cause of this partiality becomes evident when we read that "with our glass we perceive that their large, soft eyes frequently wandered from their books to the ladies on the left."

☞ Charles Kean used to tell a story that in the representation by a provincial theatrical company of "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves," a single horseman, who represented the whole band, on horseback, pranced across the stage in horse-trapping, and hurried behind the scenes to reappear each time more breathless than before. Having performed thirty-nine circuits he was satisfied, but the audience, who saw the trick and counted the appearances, shouted for the fortieth thief!

☞ LAUGHTER.—Fun ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect.

☞ Texas has a wild woman of the woods, covered with a "beautiful coat of hair about four inches long."

☞ A gentleman calling for ice-cream, and being asked what kind he would have, promptly replied, "Raw."

☞ Chinese think telegraph wires are the railroad tracks of little demons, and as they no not choose to facilitate the passage of such spirits, they tear the lines down.

☞ Mr. George Strodell, of Huntington, Ind., aged sixty-six, is the father of thirty-three children.

Weather Prophecy.

The Western weather prophets last fall predicted, from the manner in which the muskrats built their houses, and from other similar signs, that a mild winter was in reserve for Minnesota. But it turns out to be the coldest winter for twelve years. In this part of the country we also remember that a very mild winter was foretold from the leanness of the turkeys, the theory being that they would not need much fat to protect them from the cold. So we were disposed to grumble less at the lean and bony displays of our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. But now it seems that the Eastern turkeys are as worthless prophets of the weather as the Western muskrats. We are afraid that the animal kingdom is losing its reputation for oracular wisdom, and that, after all, as the Irish passenger told the sea captain, when he learned that there was no almanac aboard, "faith, then, we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY—ILLUSTRATED EDITION.—No pains or labor could have been spared in making this edition what it is. We think this work, now, is all that we can expect in a dictionary. We give it our *unqualified commendation*, and hope to see a copy of it in every school-district, and in every editor's room, and in every family in Pennsylvania.—*Presbyterian Standard.*

☞ An untutored son of the forest, who recently spoke to the Indian agent Matthews, at Fort Phil. Kearney, was asked twice to be seated; but spurning the proffered chair he exclaimed: "I was not raised on chairs; I was born on the ground; I am made of ground; I sit on the ground; I love the ground; I sleep on it; I wallow in it and I will die in it; it is mine—all mine." Rude poetry that; and some truth there, too.

☞ Lincoln, Ill., says the Bloomington Pantagraph, boasts of a man with feet 15½ inches long, 5 inches in width, and 25 inches around the ankle. Exclusive of the feet, the man weighs 130 pounds.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

WHAT is most required to baffle Neuralgia, Nerveache and other painful nervous complaints, is to have the *nerve fluid* invigorated and the nervous system thoroughly braced up. The most reliable medicine for this purpose is DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. By its aid the *nerve fluid* becomes regenerated. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

IF PEOPLE who suffer from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with. ap4-2t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT will cure the worst cases of chapped and cracked lips and hands in one night, producing a soft ripe color in the lips that nothing else will give. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th of Jan., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. GEORGE W. VIGNERS to Miss EMILY HACKETT, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. John H. Castle, Mr. THOMAS GLYNN to Miss ANNIE PALMER, both of this city.

On the 15th of March, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. ALEXANDER MOFFETT, of Frankford, to Miss JULIA M. CHEMIDLIN, of Camden, N. J.

On the 15th of March, by the Rev. James Cooper, Mr. P. S. TRAPHAGEN to Miss REBECCA C. S. BEATTIE, both of this city.

On the 19th of March, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. ROBERT M. MECONNAHEY to Miss EMELINE KERNAUGH, both of this city.

On the 22d of March by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, Mr. WILLIAM H. DAVIS to Miss SALLIE H. OTT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Salina, N. Y., March 16th, 1868, DIOCLESIAN ALVORD, aged 92 years.

On the 24th of March, PETER TOLBERT, in his 37th year.

On the 24th of March, SALLIE L., wife of Jacob M. West, aged 29 years.

On the 23d of March, WILLIAM, son of Wm. and Ann Marsden, in his 21st year.

On the 23d of March, Mrs. ELIZABETH CARSON, in her 88th year.

On the 22d of March, ANNIE M. SMILIE, wife of Dr. F. J. Buck, aged 21 years.

On the 21st of March, ANNA F. BROWN, in her 38th year.

On the 20th of March, WILLIAM H. ANGLER, aged 54 years.

On the 19th of March, FRANKLIN JENKS, in his 37th year.

MARGARET.

Low at her feet the daisy lies,
She sings a burden old and sweet,
She sings (the summer daylight flies)
"Si douce est la Margarete."

"By all thy tongues of silver flame,
By thy heart's golden fret,
I pray thee, and by our one name,
For I am Margaret,
I pray thee take my doubt away,
And make me know my lot,
Thy silver leaves I pluck and say,
'He loves me—loves me not;'
Thy silver leaves fall one by one,
(He loves me—loves me not),
And starlike glimmer faint upon
The darkening garden-plot.
He loves me—he is far above,
And I am lowliest;
He loves me not—but so he love
None other, I can rest.
He loves me—loves me not.—O flower,
If now my lover came,
Thy sacred charm would lose its power,
—Gold fire and silver flame—
Divine for me a happy lot,
I doubt, I hope, I fear.
O joy! (he loves me—loves me not
—He loves me) he is here!"

Low at her feet her lover lies,
He sings a burden old and sweet,
He sings (the summer daylight dies,)
"Si douce est la Margarete."

DODGING A SHARK.

BY T. E. SOUTHEE.

"I think," said the skipper, one morning at breakfast, as we were discussing that meal in the cuddy of the "Calcutta," then at anchor off the mouth of the Ulua—"I think we had better fill in as we go, so I shall send the boats cocoa-nutting. Would you like to go?"

"With all my heart," I replied. "I've never been down among the lagoons, and I should like it above all things."

Central America is so little known that, without casting any reflection on the reader's geographical knowledge, I may assume that he was not quite clear when I said that the "Calcutta" was at anchor off the mouth of the Ulua, in what part of the globe that river is situated.

Close to the shores of the Gulf of Honduras there is a low level track of land, covered with immense forests, through which runs the Rio Ulua, one of the largest and most majestic streams in that state. This river empties itself into the sea in about 15 deg. 45 min. north latitude, and 87 deg. 40 min. west longitude. At its mouth is an anchorage, where vessels can ride in comparative safety, and where, during certain months in the year, is collected a large fleet of merchant ships, waiting to be freighted with the mahogany which is cut in the interior, and floated down the river. Among these vessels was the barque "Calcutta," whose cargo was about half completed.

Again, few of my readers will have understood what the skipper meant by "filling in," or the necessity of procuring cocoa-nuts for that purpose. I must, therefore, explain that in loading ships with mahogany, there are spaces between the ends of the logs, and the fore and after parts of the ship, which, to prevent the logs from shifting when the ship is at sea, are filled with cocoa-nuts. It was to procure a supply of nuts for this purpose that I and Peter Byrnes, the stevedore, with ten men and three boys, started on that August morning. As it was late in the season, and all the nuts within a short distance of the river's mouth had been gathered, our destination was one of the lagoons to the eastward of Punta de Sal, or as we should call it in English, Salt Point, about twelve or fifteen miles along the coast.

* * * * *

And now came the aim and object of our expedition—the procuring a supply of cocoa-nuts. In this genial clime the cocoa-nut palm grows to an amazing height, usually from sixty to seventy feet; but, in some instances, if my eyes did not deceive me, they rose to ninety or a hundred. The whole of the stem is clear, that is, without limb or protuberance, and I may say without bark. At any rate, they have what may be called a smooth round trunk; consequently it requires no little agility and ingenuity to climb them. This was not to be done by agility alone, as some of our fellows found out; and here Jones, the cook, proved himself a man of resource.

It was not the first time he had been cocoa-nutting, and it was soon evident that he understood what he was about. He had brought with him a piece of sennit, which the unnautical reader may be informed is a piece of wide flat braid, formed of rope yarns. This he fastened round his ankles, leaving them about ten inches apart; having tried this contrivance, to see that it was fast, he commenced his ascent. This he did somewhat in the usual fashion by embracing the tree, and then drawing his legs up as high as he could, and pressing the sennit band against the trunk of the tree, raised himself bodily; and thus, alternately raising his body with his hands, drawing his feet up, and pressing the band against the trunk, he ascended with great ease and rapidity.

Peter's skill was now also brought into requisition. He had with him what is termed a strop, a piece of rope, the ends of which were spliced together, forming, when opened, a sort of hempen hoop. Taking this, doubled, he encircled the trunk of the tree with the two parts of the rope, and passing one bight through the other, he separated the second loop and slipped it over his head and down his body till he could sit in it. Then he began his ascent after the following fashion. First he pushed above his head the part looped round the tree, then planting his feet against the trunk, he raised himself several feet; while doing this he slipped up the noose, and thus worked his way up to the top. There, sitting securely in the loop, he leisurely picked the nuts and dropped them at our feet. Having cleared the tree, he slipped the loop over his head, let the strop fall, and slid rapidly down to the ground.

The only interruption we experienced in procuring our cargo was from an army of monkeys, which came down from the woods to witness our operations. First they came in sixes and sevens, swinging themselves from tree to tree, grinning and chattering at us as we proceeded with our work; but presently they arrived in shoals, headed by an old fellow who seemed a sort of patriarch among them. In the midst of their gambols he seated himself upon a high tree, and they assembled round him; then he appeared to be haranguing them, while they listened with profound attention. Suddenly, as though what he said was excessively comical, they all seemed to be seized with fits of laughter, and swinging from bough to bough, shrieked and chattered as if they had gone mad; the young ones, particularly, were convulsed with hilarity, for they tumbled one over the other, jumping into the air with playful shouts; when you thought they were falling, they dexterously clutched a branch and turned round and grinned at you, as if to enjoy your disappointment. At last, so insolent were they, that they alighted close to the very trees we were picking, and seemed half inclined to make an attack. It was not until I had cooled their courage by a couple of shots that they desisted, and scuttled off into the forest, uttering the most horrible noises.

By eleven o'clock we had succeeded in filling our boats, but it was useless to think of starting till the land-breeze came down, which would be late in the evening or early next morning. All hands, therefore, began to think of making provision for dinner, and the stevedore proceeded to enlighten us as to the mode of fishing in Honduras.

The water in the lagoon, though not so clear as outside, was yet sufficiently so to distinguish the fish as they basked in the sunshine. Accordingly, Peter taking his gear, consisting of a line and spear, got into the gig with a boy, and, pulling out from the shore, let her float. As soon as Peter's practiced eye saw a fish swimming near the surface, he launched his spear, and struck it. The moment the stricken fish felt the spike it darted forward with a bound and a jerk; but to understand this method of fishing, I must give a description of these spears.

First, there is a long tapering staff, at the end of which is a barbed spike, secured by a becket to a line, the end of which is fastened to a float, about eighteen inches long, by two in diameter; and round which the line is wound. The float is attached to one end of the staff, and the spike to the other, but in such a manner that as soon as the fish is struck, the spike is disengaged from one end of the staff, which immediately reverses itself and suffers the cork-float to be also disengaged. The fish darts forward, as I have before observed, as soon as it is struck, and the float being separated from the staff, the line runs off the reel, or float, and when it has all run off, the cork goes bobbing about on the surface in a most curious fashion.

When Peter had struck a fish he took no further notice of it; but went on spearing till he had struck about half a dozen, by which time those he had first caught had ceased their efforts to release themselves, and the floats were stationary. He then commenced to haul in his lines, which was soon done, and when he came on shore we found he had captured six large fish; one of a description I had never before seen. The body was chiefly of a light green on the back, verging into yellow on the belly, variously banded and dotted with black, and the fins and tail spotted with vermillion or bright red, and marked on each side with peacock's eyes. The eye of the fish, which was situated in the middle of the head, was of a clear bright orange, tinged in the upper part with red.

Jones's method of cooking fish was new, and whether he had learned it from the Indians, or stumbled upon it by accident, was conducted according to the most scientific principles. The largest of the fish having been stuffed, was wrapped in leaves and placed in a hole in the sand, which had previously been filled with wood, and was at the time a mass of glowing coals. As soon as the fish was placed therein, it was covered up, and when wanted, was taken out and eaten immediately. A more delicious method of cooking fish I never met with.

Whilst the dinner was being prepared, I proposed to the stevedore that we should take a bath in the lagoon. Peter, however, suggested that it was not safe on account of the alligators; but he said he knew a place outside where we could bathe without fear. Accordingly we took the gig, and though we grounded several times, we succeeded in getting through the narrow channel and reached the place Peter had spoken of.

It was a small, but beautiful basin of water with a fine clear sandy bottom, enclosed on one side by a bit of beach, while the rest was encircled by a reef of rocks. In some parts the reef was just covered with a sheet of foam, while in others jagged rocks jutted up in huge masses, over which the swell broke with a noise like thunder. Outside the reef there was a stiff breeze blowing, but inside the surface was calm, and the waters clear; though now and then it was curled by a brisk flaw, which rendered more refreshing and enchanting the water of this beautiful inlet.

Not caring to anchor the boat, we undressed, and plunging in, swam out to the reef. I was enjoying the bath amazingly, floundering about under the lee of the rocks, over which the green seas broke at intervals, half smothering me in a natural shower-bath. The water on the part of the reef on which I stood was scarcely two feet deep, except where the swell came round, and then I was almost taken off my legs, such was the precarious nature of my footing.

I was just waiting for another roller to burst over me, and the stevedore was floating on his back in the centre of the basin, when to my intense horror I saw a large shark making towards him. I cried out loudly, "A shark! a shark!"

The stevedore, hearing this terrifying cry, turned to see from whence the danger came. It would have been useless for him to attempt to reach the boat, so I shouted to him to strike out for the shore. For a second or two he seemed fear-stricken, and made no effort to reach the land. Suddenly, he either realized the danger of his position, or he decided upon some plan of escape, for he struck out boldly for the shore. Those few seconds of indecision on the part of Peter had enabled the monster to get into fearful proximity to him, and for some minutes the race was an exciting one. I held my breath and looked on half paralyzed with terror, while foot by foot the shark drew nearer to him; expecting every instant to see its silvery stomach glancing in the sunlight, and the form of the stevedore dragged under water.

Just as the shark was within a few fathoms of him, the stevedore turned sharp round and dived. As his foot disappeared beneath the surface, the monster dashed at it, and there was great commotion in the water. For some seconds the brute lashed his tail, his struggles were terrific, and I thought it was all over with poor Peter. But in another moment or two, to my inexpressible joy, I saw his head emerge from the water, some distance from the shark, and a cry of thankfulness escaped me as I saw him reach the shore in safety.

Meanwhile the shark had released himself from the shoal; for I now saw that Peter, who knew the place well, had availed himself of his knowledge, and dexterously avoiding it, had put the shark aground upon a spit of sand that ran out from the shore.

No sooner did the brute clear the shoal than he made for the reef. I had been so occupied with the stevedore's danger that I had not thought of myself. When I did, the great black fin was sailing down rapidly towards me. To enable the reader to realize my situation more fully, I may say that the boat was floating gayly in the middle of the inlet, and was thus of no service, either to Peter or me. Thus, while, on the one hand, my return was effectually cut off by the shark, I could not hope for any assistance from the shore. It is true, the danger was not so imminent as in the case of the stevedore, but my position was, nevertheless, one of extreme peril, and one from which I could see no means of escape.

Some horrible instinct seemed to have enabled this monster to scent me; for a few minutes after Peter's retreat he was floating close to me, gazing at me with his hideous eyes, and looking as though he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to seize me. Death, painful and horrible, stared me in the face, and I could do nothing to escape from it.

I had retreated on to the highest part of the reef; but the position afforded little extra security, for when the rollers swept over it I was several times knocked off my feet, and once nearly precipitated into the very jaws of the shark.

I remained for some time in fearful suspense, half paralyzed with terror, and uncertain what to do. The boat was pursuing a most erratic course, now carried one way, and now another, by the opposite currents of air. At one time it seemed floating towards me, and my spirits began to revive; but as soon as it got under the lee of the rocks it advanced no farther, only bobbing and dancing before me, as if to cheat me with vain hopes. Then suddenly another flaw seized it, and carried it once more into the centre of the inlet. One time I thought of attempting to reach the point by wading across the reef; but I was uncertain as to the depth, and I feared when I got quite from under the lee of the high rocks the rollers would be too strong for me, so that idea was dismissed.

I could not keep my eyes from my terrible companion, which had continued to float almost motionless in the clear water before me. His eyes, dull and flaccid, yet so ferocious, seemed to follow my every movement. At intervals, as if to delude me, he would gradually fade away, sinking slowly, and without any motion of his body, till he almost disappeared from sight, and then, without any perceptible effort rose again like a cork to the surface. There he lay like a cat pretending to sleep, yet never taking its glance from its prey.

The tension of the muscles was so great to keep my footing, and I had been so long in the water, that I felt my strength could not last much longer, and I expected every minute to be swept from the reef. All hope, therefore, of escape, as far as any active measure on my part was concerned, was gone—my trust was now in God; I could do nothing, but await His will.

From this state of despondency I was awakened by a shout, and the next instant I was hauled into the boat.

What became of my enemy, or how I got clear of the inlet, I have no very definite idea. All I know is that, making a bold dash, Peter succeeded in reaching the boat, and rescuing me. We were not long in dressing, and soon got back to the lagoon; and though only half an hour previous I had expected to be food for a shark, the idea had not taken away my appetite, for I enjoyed my dinner as well as if nothing had happened.

After dinner we lit our pipes, and reclining upon the green and leafy sward, I mused on my situation. Nothing, perhaps, could be more romantic. The scene was a wild one; and, as I gazed into the dark and solemn forests, that stretched for hundreds of miles along the coast, and extended an unknown distance into the interior, I felt my heart dilate, and my pulse beat strong, as I thought of their mysterious depth, vast extent, and the immense variety of animal and vegetable life they contained.

Nothing strikes a European more forcibly when he first sees a tropical forest than the gigantic growth of its vegetable productions. But what, after a time, surprises him more than anything, is to find himself living, as it were, in a perpetual spring, with a continuous and never-ending harvest. It is not only surprising to him that Nature is able to sustain such immense, and, it would almost appear, prodigal demands upon her vital energies—producing, as she does, the most beautiful things, in the most wonderful profusion; but that she does this unaided by man, almost without intermission, and without any appearance of exhaustion or decadence of power.

To my mind, there is no part of the world which gives the traveller a grander idea of Nature than Central America. No one who has ever seen her glorious forests, her picturesque streams, and her forest-clad, cloud-capped mountains, has ever come back disappointed. As far as I am individually concerned, I can say truly, that a week of the life one is obliged to adopt in the bush is worth years of ordinary existence.

In the evening we embarked, taking, in addition to our load of ripe nuts, a number of unripe ones, or, as they are called, jelly-nuts. With regard to these, the fluid they contain is the most delicious drink I ever came across, particularly if you add to the liquor a dash of old rum. It is the more pleasant on account of its coolness, for even if the nuts are picked in the heat of the day, the fluid is as cold as though it had been iced. How Peter and I revelled in this cocoanut sangaree; how we laughed at the dangers we had so narrowly escaped; or how many pipes we smoked, the reader must not expect to know. All I shall say with regard to our return is, that with a fair breeze, after camping for the night in Port Sal, we reached the ship in safety the next afternoon.

IT'S ONLY A LITTLE GLOVE.

It's only a little glove,
So ragged, and old, and worn—
You scarce would stoop in your daily path
To look at the thing forlorn;
You never would think by those fingers small
A heart could be rent and torn.

It's only a tiny thing,
This treasure I hoard and keep;
But many a vision of joy it brings,
And sometimes it makes me weep,
And I dream a dream of a fair-haired boy
Under the flowers asleep.

It's only a little glove,
Yet dearer it is to me,
For the restless feet that pattered and beat
Their music upon my knee—
Dearer for sorrow, and care, and pain,
Than the riches of land or sea.

It's only a tiny thing,
But I love it with deepest love—
A golden link in the chain that binds
My soul to the world above;
And I know I am nearer to heaven each time
I bow o'er that tiny glove.

MATTHIAS BARR.

Nice Girls.

We all know a nice girl the moment we meet her. That one word "nice" rises to our lips instinctively, we can hardly tell why; but it is the only word in the language that can be used under the circumstances, and it is fully expressive. Everyone knows exactly what it means. It does not necessarily mean a beautiful girl, or an elegant or an accomplished girl, except to the extent that beauty, elegance and accomplishments are essential to niceness. Beauty in its more queenly sense—the Guenevere style of beauty, for instance—is out of the question. Arthur's guilty consort could not have been "nice." In a sense the nice girl always is, and I think should be, pretty. Yes; she ought to have nice features—a pure, clear face it should be; and she is certain to have nice eyes. No matter for the color; let them be blue, or hazel, or black; and, again, let them be large or small: but they are certain to have an expression about them absolutely charming. They will be kind eyes, sympathetic eyes, ready to brighten at another's happiness, and to grow brighter still with "tears that leave the lashes bright" over another's sorrowings. The nice girl is sure to have a pretty mouth, too. There is a secret about pretty mouths. It is more valuable than any of Madame Rachel's secrets as an "aid to beauty," and so is worth finding out. The secret is this: the mouth is of all the features that least under the control of the will. It is the truest index to the disposition. Eyes may gleam; smiles may dimple the cheeks; amiability may be simulated with infinite skill; but the mouth is less obliging than the "hollow hearts" of the poet. It will *not* "wear a mask;" and it is only by cultivating sweetness of disposition that a pretty mouth can be secured. The nice girl unconsciously finds out this secret, and with a sweet mouth and kind eyes she may be content: she has beauty enough.

The great charm about the nice girl is, that she is so good-tempered—which is a synonym for good-hearted—so amiable, so cheerful, and so clever, in the best sense of that word. She is the life and soul of home. Her presence is its sunshine. She makes it. She is indispensable to it. Says the Fairy in the Christmas tale, speaking of such a girl in humble life, "The hearth which, but for her, were only a few stones and bricks and rusty bars, is made through her the altar of the home." The same thing happens in higher circles, for the nice girl is found everywhere. One thing to be noted of her is, that she is always neat. You cannot surprise her *en deshabille*. What a marvellous smoothness of hair she has! And what immaculate cuffs and collars, warranted never to rumple or soil! It is difficult to believe that her dresses are made: their fit is perfection, and they seem as natural to her as leaves to a flower. There is always a graceful flow about them; and as for color, she has an artist's instincts in respect to it. She uses a bright ribbon as a painter would do, but without knowing why. A poem might be written on a nice girl's boots. They are never of the showy kind; but how charming! Gloves, again; it doesn't matter whether Jouvin, Houbigant, Piver, or some unknown Brown or Jones supplies them. They are always perfection in fit, and, as a rule, of some neutral tint. Catch our nice girl appearing on the croquet-lawn in gloves of positive yellow, or green, or, most hideous of all, red—that latest outrage on good taste!

The influence of the nice girl in a house is always felt, but it is not easy to say how it is exercised. Part of the secret is, I fancy, that she is everywhere attended by two fairies, who are called Order and Grace. Their aid is invaluable. Wherever she goes, tidiness and neatness result. Her touch has a magic in it. She could not be slovenly if she tried. It would be impossible for her to arrange a flower, place a chair, loop up a curtain, or perform the commonest act of daily life in any but the right way. Dickens had a nice girl in his mind when he drew Ruth Pinch, and who can forget the charm with which Ruth invested that most homely of occupations, the making of a meat pudding? It is by no means necessary that the nice girl should be simply domestic: but she is sure to prize her home and to be of use in it. Always gay, busy, and cheerful, happy in herself and devoted to those about her, she misses none of the refinements or genuine pleasures of life. She knows all about the new poet and the last novel, the opera favorites and the popular play. She knows something of pictures, can sing a little and play fairly, but is not much given to those manipulated fireworks under cover of which everybody talks till the *coda* ceases, and murmurs of "Thank you!" express the general gratitude for what nobody has heard. Of course the nice girl dances, is clever at charades, and is the idol of the youngsters by reason of her profound erudition in the matter of fairy tales and nursery rhymes, and the inexhaustible fertility of her resources when games and forfeits are in demand. In addition to these qualifications, she is, in all probability, a fair horsewoman, can skate, has learned to swim at the seaside, and perhaps, out of fondness for a brother, has mastered the difficult problem of the cricket-field so far as to watch his exploits therein with an appreciative eye.

It is peculiarly pleasant to think of the nice girl in the sick-room. Leigh Hunt wrote a paper on the pleasures of being ill. Not very ill, you know; but sufficiently so to warrant you in keeping to the house, and having people concerned and interested about you. He rated it as one of the pleasures of life. This at least may be conceded, that it goes far to take it out of the category of the miseries of life when our pet is there, ready and willing to attend on us with loving devotion and unwearying patience. She is never afraid, never fatigued. Her footstep is not heard, her dress has no irritating rustle in it. She does not talk to you overmuch, nor fidget you with suggestions or fussy attentions. An invalid suffers as much from being over-nursed as from neglect. She sees that you want for nothing, but conceals from you how your wants are supplied. At your lowest, she inspires you with confidence: as you mend, her cheerfulness sustains you, and one look at her bright face is like a glimpse of heaven.

Universally attractive as they are, how is it that nice girls are so rare? They seem never to have been plentiful. Even the poets give us few records of any. Sweet Anne Page, I imagine, was one. So was the heroine of Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding," I like to think. That must have been a nice girl in youth, of whom it was said by a poet that to know her was a liberal education—the sweetest compliment ever paid to woman!

But it will not do to venture into this suggestive field and dip into other poets, because after the poets would come the novelists, and in the discussion of their heroines we should get beyond all bounds. But Edgar Poe has eight lines addressed to Frances Osgood, which so strongly indicate that she was one of this rare order, and at the same time so tersely express all the feelings one would desire to convey to a nice girl, that I will venture to quote them:—

"Wouldst thou be loved? Then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not:
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty."

To revert to our point: how is it that nice girls always have been, and now are so rare? Is it because heart is so much rarer than beauty? Or is there some delusion in the female breast as to what men admire in women, that leads so many to assume airs, to be haughty and unfeminine, or to sink into the slough of fastness? Other reasons may be assigned, but probably the truth will never be arrived at. This, however, is not to be gainsaid, that nice girls bear no proportion whatever to those whose general bearing might be held to justify the great Hazlitt in his extraordinary views of the gentler sex. It is recorded of him that when introduced to some young girls, "they neither laughed, nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered: but they were young girls. So he sat and frowned, blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such things as youth and beauty, till he went away before supper in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls—they drove him mad." One would like to feel certain that these could not have been nice girls.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

Cultivate Gracefulness.

The chief distinction in society between the "attentions" of the thoroughly graceful gentleman, and one who simply knows the rules, is that the former pays them without attracting notice. A lady hardly realizes that anything is done for her—she only knows that the gentleman is agreeable.

Does the young man ask how he shall cultivate this unconscious gracefulness? Some men, the reader says, have the gift by nature. True—but with rare exceptions, nature declines to make her gifts available without culture and care. There is but one way to cultivate the case of which we speak. Never willingly allow an opportunity to pay a graceful attention pass without taking advantage of it. Never, we say—not even with the sister, or mother, or most intimate cousinly friend. It is a mistake to regard these things as "too formal"—they are formal only when they are awkward. There is not a single polite attention called for in society which is not appropriate at home. If a sister drop a handkerchief do not give her an opportunity to pick it up herself—unless you wish to be constrained and slightly awkward when you are called upon to pick up a handkerchief in the drawing-room. If a mother is getting into a carriage offer her a hand, even if it be purely a matter of form.

Nor are these attentions from young men to their near relatives valuable and called for only as matters of practice. Genuine politeness demands them at home as truly as it demands them in society.—*Evening Mail.*

☞ The Oshkosh (Wisconsin) Times gives the following "Black Crook" story:—"My dear," said the wife, "the 'Black Crook' is here; shall we witness it to-night?" "Well," said the husband, "I had better go alone to-night, and see if it is a proper place for ladies." "Yes—well," says the wife; "I rather guess I'd better go and see if it is a proper place for gentlemen!" Both went.

THE OLD SEAT.

Dear Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
How strange with you once more to meet,
To hold your hand, to hear your voice,
To sit beside you on this seat!
You mind the time we sat here last?—
Two little children-lovers we,
Each loving each with simple faith,
I all to you—you all to me.

Ah! Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
We sit together now as then;
I press your hand, you meet my glance,
We seem as if we loved again.
But in my heart I feel the truth,
The dear old times have passed away;
The love that once possessed our souls
We do but simulate to-day.

Since last we met, my Lady Vere,
You've grown in years and culture too,
And, putting childish things away,
Have ceased to be sincere and true.
Naught caring for a single soul,
You spare no trouble, reck no pain,
To add another name unto
The bead-roll of the hearts you've slain.

To you, my Lady Vere de Vere,
What is it that a heart may break?
You had no hazard in the game—
He should have played with equal stake.
You did but seek to wile away
The slow hours of an idle night;
The fault lay with the fool who failed
To read your character aright.

But, Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You make your wares by far too cheap;
Your net claims all as fish that comes
Within the limit of its sweep.
You sit beside me here to-day,
You try to make me love again;
But I am safe the while I think
You've sat thus with a score of men.

Still, Lady Clara, Clara, dear,
Beneath your finished mask I see
The gentle heart, the honest mind,
That made you once so dear to me.
Your voice is still as sweet as then,
Your face is still as pure and good:
I see the graces of my love
All ripened in her womanhood.

If some day, Clara Vere de Vere,
You weary of the counterfeit,
And look with yearning back upon
The old times linked with this seat—
If you would change your fleeting loves
For one true love for evermore,
Then we will come and see this place,
And sit together, as of yore.

But meanwhile, Lady Vere de Vere,
Of me win all renown you may;
A plaything fresh my heart for you,
A new world for your sovereign sway.
Bring all your practised charms in play,
Shoot all your darts, they cannot hurt;
For when we meet I clothe me in
The proved chair-armor of a flirt.

H. W. L.

BYRON COLLAR.

DOG COLLAR.

SHAKSPEARE COLLAR.

A NIGHT IN A TOMB;

OR,

My Experience with Chinese Robbers.

PART I.

It was a pleasant day for all on board the *Tien-sin*, when the first great "chop," filled with the new season's tea, came floating down the river, and dropped across our bows. All hands clustered on the rail, and looked eagerly on, as the unwieldy craft bobbed and bumped against the black side of the old ship. But the "Fukees," as we called the Chinamen, knew what they were at; and so, after a great deal of shouting and jumping about, the toothless old skipper left his great steering-oar in the high-peaked stern, and the clumsy barge swung quietly alongside.

The *Tien-sin* had been lying at Whampoa for more than two months, waiting for the new teas; several other ships were there also on the same errand, while their captains were up at Canton, making what bargains they could with the merchants. Meanwhile, our paint fell off in large round blisters; our copper grew slimy with the yellow mud that was ever washing against it; our cables were twisted into as many turns as a lady's watch-chain; and our rigging looked rusty and untidy. On board, all was clean and neat. The mate had been left in charge when the skipper went away; but he and over half the men had since gone ashore to the hospital, sick of the fever, many of them destined never to leave it alive. I was the second-mate, and so the charge of the ship had fallen on me.

After the "holds" and "'tween decks" had been swept out, and the "dunnage" laid down, there was little or no work to be done. The carpenter now and then kept up a feeble hammering in the saloon, which was to be filled with tea; and the "bosun" made some forlorn attempts with the "spinning-winch;" as for the men, any that chose might go ashore, one watch at a time; but they seldom availed themselves of the privilege, so few inducements does Whampoa offer. Of course, being my own master, I could do as I liked; and almost every evening leaving the bosun in charge, I used to paddle ashore in the punt, and stroll away towards the country. My companion was a youngster, an apprentice named George Thompson, more often called "Georgie;" a tiny little fellow, with big wondering blue eyes, and a spirit such as boys only have. Brave, active, and daring even to rashness, he was the pet and favorite of all on board; and being, with the exception of the captain and mate, the only one of my own position, I was naturally glad to make him a companion.

Silver-town, as the principal part of Whampoa is called, lies on an island formed by two forks of the river, and has but few attractions beyond wine-shops and liquor-stores; so we seldom went there, but chose the opposite side. Here, after passing through a labyrinth of huts and small shops, built round the graving-dock, you got out into the open country, with hills and valleys studded with timber, and pretty villages peeping out of clumps of trees. The roads were good, the scenery was soft and pleasing, the natives civil and unobtrusive; and the whole was such a change from the dull monotony of the ship, that nearly every evening found Georgie and myself there.

Meanwhile, the *Tien-sin* was rapidly filling; chest after chest was passed up, and slid down into the hold. The old Fukee, with his bundle of red sticks, might have grown to the deck, so immovable was he. Every chest that came up had one of these sticks on it; these it was his business to collect, and compare at the end of the day with his friend in the chop, when the correct "tally" of the number of chests delivered was obtained. In the hold, the "compradore" presided over some twenty stalwart and half-naked coolies, who seized the chests as they slid down, and stowed them in their places. The men were employed bending sails, and getting up the "running" gear. All was hurry and bustle. The captain was still away, and my leisure was consequently much reduced; still, after the "hands" knocked off, I generally found time to go ashore, and take a stroll in the old direction. One evening, the last chop did not come in time to begin discharging, so I was able to get away a little earlier than usual. Taking Georgie with me, I told the bosun to look out for me, and jumping into the punt, paddled ashore; then fastening her to the steps of the dock, we left her till our return, and were soon past the dirty village, out in the open country.

There was a village some four miles away, which we had often said we would explore, but by one thing or another had been prevented; this, Georgie now proposed we should walk to. As the sun was still up, and we had plenty of daylight before us, I saw no objection, and we started off. The road wound in and out among the rice-fields, past the English graveyard, with its solemn reminders of many a lost friend, and came out into a long broad valley, lying between two rounded hills. Here and there were the graves of dead Fukees, circular places cut in the hillside so as to form a courtyard in front of the tomb, usually placed in an excavation behind. Over these places, long stripe of red and gilt paper fluttered mournfully, the passing gifts of friends or relatives. Gangs of laborers met us at every turn, passing us in a long swinging trot; the water trickled soothingly from the marshy rice-ground, in tiny sparkling rills, attracting flocks of paddy-birds, and waders of every kind, their white and gray plumage checkering the bright rice, and affording a warning to the frogs they coveted. The sun was setting when we entered the village, and I wished to turn back; but Georgie begged so eagerly for a peep at it that I had not the heart to refuse, and so we went on. The houses were of the regular Chinese pattern, made familiar to us from childhood by the "willow" plates, with pointed overhanging eaves, and gables at the corners.

The village was larger than we had anticipated, and ere we had gone many hundred yards, I half resolved to turn back; but Georgie was so anxious to see what was there, and reminded me with such a serious face of my promise, that I gave in, and we went on. The people were busy closing their shops, and placing their beds out in the street ready for the night. No one seemed to notice us more than usual; indeed, foreigners have so long made Whampoa and its neighborhood their resort, that, had they done so, it would have been remarkable. An open door with a good light within now attracted us; it was one of the many gaming-houses that swarm in every Chinese town and village. I had often been in them. The scene is curious, and has but slight temptations to offer, a few dollars being the visible extent of the "bank." The people are civil and quiet, and I never heard of a row taking place in them. As it was too dark to see much more of the village, Georgie proposed that we should give up any further explorations, making up for the concession by a few minutes in the gaming-shop. I saw no particular harm in doing so, and said to myself we need not stop more than a few minutes; so in we went.

It was a large hut, partly made of bamboo matting, and partly of bricks. Several rude oil-lamps, stuck on poles, gave a flickering and partial light. In the centre was a large table, at one end of which sat the "banker," with a heap of "cash"—the little brass coin of the country—before him, and a few small pieces of silver in a box on his right; on the other sides stood the players. The game was very simple. A square piece of wood lay on the middle of the table, divided into four squares by white lines, each square numbered. The player placed their money, mostly copper, in one of these squares, or sometimes on one of the separating lines. When all was staked, the banker took a large handful of the cash, placed them conspicuously before him, and told them off with a "chopstick" by fours; the residue denoting the winners—one coin remaining, the money on number one square being doubled, and so on; those who placed their money on the lines getting half their stake, should the remainder correspond with the numbers on either side of the line chosen. All others of course lost; and should there be no remainder, the banker also swept up all the stakes.

I was looking on at one of the gamblers, an old, nervous-looking Chinaman, whose whole life seemed concentrated on the few coppers he had staked, and who was watching the monotonous counting with starting eyes; the count came to an end, and the old man won, and hurried away, clutching his winnings with intense eagerness. As he left, I turned towards Georgie, and found him in the act of picking up a couple of quarter-dollars from the table; whilst I had been watching the old gambler, the young rascal had staked a shilling, that by some wonderful chance was in his pocket, and had doubled it. It was impossible to be angry with the boy, he put on such a piteous face; and then, seeing me smile, he pushed the two shillings on to the board, and entreated me to let them remain, promising at the same time to come away the instant the count was over. It was too late to say no, for the cash were already being counted, and to take the money away might have led to a row. It was soon over; the boy, as luck would have it, won again; and pocketing his dollar as proudly as if it had been a bank-note, he followed me out of the place.

When we got into the street, it was quite dark, though the stars gave just enough light to see the road, which was white and broad. We soon got out of the village, and walked quickly along toward the ship. The road was quite deserted now; scarcely a breath of wind was stirring; and save the harsh cry of the night-jars, and the hum of insects, there was not a sound to be heard.

We had gone more than a mile, when Georgie stopped to tie his shoe-string. I walked on. He soon came running up, and declared that he had heard some one following us. The road we were on was much frequented, and nothing was more probable than that some person should be on it, travelling the same way as ourselves: however, to make sure, I stopped an instant, and listened. The moment we stopped, I heard footsteps behind, at some little distance, to judge by the sound. We were about fifty yards from a dark bit of the road, lying under some trees; between that and us, the road lay broad and clear: the steps sounded as if on the verge of this shady part; that they were not nearer was evident. We had not stood longer than a few seconds when the footsteps stopped also; we walked on a few paces, and stopped again, but could not hear them; the road between the trees and ourselves was distinct, and still no one was to be seen on it. Ashamed to appear nervous before the lad, I turned round, and laughingly making some light remark, walked sharply on.

We had a couple of light canes with us, but they would be quite useless in case of a skrimmage, not by any means an uncommon occurrence in China, by the way; so I picked up a stone from the bank as we walked, and tying it in a corner of my handkerchief, after the Yankee fashion, felt more comfortable. The road, now, in front, as far as we could see, was wide and open; there were no trees; and the bank on the upper side was no higher than our waists; on the other side were the open rice-fields.

The moon was just bursting out from a bank of clouds in front, and Georgie chatted away at my side, so any apprehension I may have had was fast fading away. Close in front, on the other side of the hill, was a large tomb, which we had often visited, as it lay about two miles from the ship, and was within distance of a short walk when we got away late. We had scarcely passed it, when Georgie shouted out:

"Look out, sir; there's a man in the tomb?"

I turned sharply round, only just in time to avoid the fellow. He had made a spring out of the courtyard of the grave, intending to fall on me; behind him were a couple more. As he passed me, I let fly with my sling stone, catching him somewhere on his body; he staggered on, but did not fall. This gave us a moment's time. A few yards ahead was a dead tree—it was our only chance—once there, we might defend ourselves till some one came.

"The tree, Georgie," I shouted; "run, boy, for your life!" And away we both sped, the two ruffians close behind, and the third one reeling after them. We were but just in time; but I turned, and had my back against the trunk, with the boy alongside, ere they came up. Fortunately they had no weapons, not even sticks, or we could not long have stood against them.

Seeing our position, they now brought up about two yards from us, and began pulling faces, and making intimidating motions; this continued some time, till, finding we were not to be "grinned" out, they grew desperate, and closing in a little, gave me a chance with my stone. I caught one fellow on his cheek, and doubled him up, rolling him over like a bullock.

"Now for it, Georgie," I cried; "in at them!" And before they knew what was up, I rushed out and closed with the second. I met him with my left hand in the face, intending to follow it up with the stone; but he was too much for me, and before I could recover myself, had my arms pinioned to my side. Close behind was the third fellow, who had first attacked us; he was coming up with a large stone raised above his head, and making at me. A sickening sensation came over me, and I made a frantic struggle to get free, but the ruffian held me like a vice. As my eyes fell, under the expected blow, I saw Georgie creeping under our legs; and the next instant, with a great heave, down we went, the rascal never quitting his hold of me, but carrying me with him to the ground, where we lay rolling over and over, as I strove to escape. Just then, Georgie came crawling up on his knees, holding his open penknife; the boy seized the fellow by his hair, as he tumbled about, and gave him such a dig in the face, that with the pain he gave a hideous yell, and let go his hold. I sprang up, just in time to receive a crushing blow from the third man. A thousand sparks flashed in the air—a bursting sensation filled my brain—the earth reeled round and round—and then all faded into darkness, and I felt no more.

I could not have lain very long, for when I recovered I was still in the same place in which I fell, and a couple of the men were on their knees rifling my clothes, one of them slitting them up with Georgie's knife, whilst the other fumbled about in search of anything that might be there. I had presence of mind enough to remain perfectly still; and so intent were they on their search, that the slight movement I made on coming round had passed unnoticed.

I was lying on my back, across the road, with my feet towards the hillside, up which I could see for some distance, owing to the rising moon: up and down the road, I could catch a side-glance only, but that was sufficient to show me there was no one on it. Georgie I could not see anywhere, neither the third man. As I grew more conscious, so did my anxiety increase as to what had become of the boy: that he was unhurt, was more than probable, for had he been so, his body could not be far off, and the time had been too short to admit of its removal. My hope was that he had escaped, intending to get help from the ship; a conjecture made more likely by the absence of the third man, who would, in all probability, have followed the lad, as soon as his escape was discovered.

After mauling me about for some minutes, the two men gave it up, and squatting down within a yard of me, began looking over their spoils. My little Geneva watch was set carefully aside; then came my penknife, silver pencil-case, and the studs and links from my shirt—these were all examined, and placed near the watch; and then the fellow next me cautiously opening his hand, which had been tightly shut, showed to his mate some half-dozen small silver coins, which I recognized as the money I had about me when we left the ship: Georgie's dollar was not among them, conclusive proof the boy had got off. The sight of the money called up a grin on the ruffians' faces, and they began eagerly to divide it; a matter of considerable difficulty, to judge by their gestures and low jabbering talk.

It must have been a strange scene: my blood-stained face turned upwards, in feigned death—the two brawny ruffians seated beside me, savagely growling over the bits of silver—the moon, now over the tree-tops, casting their black shadows across the road—the hillside, every bush and stone distinct, every shadow hard and cold—the tomb just above, gleaming white and spectral, the bits of paper fluttering fitfully as the rising night wind soughed and whistled down the valley—the long white road, so still and lonely—and the dead tree flinging its solitary branch across it, gaunt and leafless, as if in vain entreating help.

Now with a wild cry, a night-hawk breaks the stillness, and, ghost-like, follows its own shadow along the hill—a faint chorus of bull-frogs rises from the rice-fields below—far away, the bark of a solitary dog tells of a village, it comes from the direction of Whampoa, and straining my eyes, I almost fancy I can trace the mast-heads of the ships there; but the moonlight flickers and fades under a passing cloud, and the tree-tops blending with the darkening sky, hardly show a line against it. The men were still wrangling over the money, neither seeming able to agree as to the value of certain pieces, when happening to look up the hill, my eye caught something in motion. It was only a vague momentary glimpse, almost an idea, hardly a glance; the flicker of a moon-beam, the swaying of a bush; but with my brain eager, almost bursting with hopes of rescue, it riveted me to the spot. Just there was a clump of dark bushes, clustering round some boulders; not very large, nor yet high enough to conceal a person, but only just sufficient to render objects near them indistinct. The moon was under a long line of fleecy cloud, that stretched across the sky, dimming her light, and softening the outlines of the shadows till it was not easy to distinguish them from objects; and the wind playing along the slope gave just enough motion to the taller bushes to render it difficult to fix the eye on any one spot. Just then, a pebble came trundling down the hill, rolling with little or no noise over the short grass, till it pitched on to the road close to me. The slight noise it did make roused the two men; they started up, and one of them, taking a step toward me, bent over my body. From under my eyelids, I saw his rugged face peering into mine; I felt his suppressed breath hot on my cheek, chilled as it was with the cool night-air. For a minute he watched me, then seeing no signs of life, he returned to his mate, and they began gathering up their spoils, evidently intending to be off. This revived my hopes; for thinking me dead, they would most probably leave me lying as I was, and then I could easily get back to the ship. At that moment, my eye again caught something moving on the hill, this time lower down. The moon was still dimmed, but I could just distinguish what seemed like a clump of bushes nearer to me, and higher than the others that studded the slope, and which I could not remember to have noticed before. On these my attention was fixed. Behind them, a little to the left, was a large rock, which from its color showed out somewhat clearly from the surrounding shade. It seemed a fancy, and yet I could not get it out of my head that this clump of bushes was growing larger, as I looked; yet the next moment, a flicker of the moonlight, and I almost smiled at the idea. Certainly they they were swaying in the wind; I could trace their outline plainly against the rock: but the wind died away, and still they swayed as much as ever. Then it struck me that the space between them and the rock had grown larger; this I determined to watch. A vague thought of help, a sort of hoping against hope, was springing up in me, and I caught at every straw.

It was Georgie, so I thought, returned with some of the men to the rescue. Then the absurdity of the idea flashed across me; the ship was two miles away, and Georgie, had he escaped, could not have been gone ten minutes. But the space was certainly growing wider. There, I saw it again! As plainly as the light would allow, I distinctly saw the bushes move. There it is again!—now more palpable. I see a dark line creeping towards me—the space is wide enough now—it is coming quicker and quicker—now a dark thing rises—now another—a hurried noise—a sound of many feet trampling—a great cry, as of fiends let loose—and the clump of bushes rise into life, and dash down upon us. I try to cry out, and struggle to rise; already I see my two assailants fighting desperately, writhing and twisting about in the midst. Now the crowd surges towards me; I cannot rise—if they fall, I shall be crushed. I strive again to cry out, but my voice has lost its power. Down, down they come—ah! they reel away again; one fellow slips, down under the writhing mass he falls, and with a mad plunge, the whole come hurtling down in one confused heap of limbs and bodies; their fierce breathing and smothered yells telling of the fury of the hideous struggle.

Making an effort, I raised myself on my elbow, and looked on. I was too weak to get up, or I could easily have stolen away unperceived. As yet, I could not distinguish whether the last-comers were friends or foes, though every hope, every thought pointed to the former. I soon saw they were all Chinamen—a sad blow to my hopes; still, they might be workmen from the dock-yard, and if so, would be friends.

After a short time, the tangled mass untwined itself, and the combatants rolled out one by one on to the clear road, and stood up; two, either stunned or dead, still remaining on the ground; I recognized them by their clothes as the two original robbers.

One of the band now came towards me, and made a sign to me to get up. I shook my head, and pointed to my forehead, which was thick with clotted blood and dirt. Seizing me roughly by the arm, without taking any notice of my sign, he then tried to raise me, and pulled me on to my feet; but I was too weak to stand, and when he let go, I tottered and fell. Calling some of the others, he gave an order in Chinese, and walked away; the men immediately sprang up the hill, and began cutting at the bushes. In a little time, they returned, each with a bundle of good-sized twigs; these they stripped of their leaves, and plaited into a rude seat having a handle at each corner. Their intentions were now obvious; I was to accompany them; where, and how, I could not conjecture; alas! my heart told me but too well that it would be as a prisoner, though for what purpose I could not imagine.

Seeing the seat finished, the man who seemed a sort of chief amongst them, gave an order, whereupon four of the band lifted me into the litter, placing me in a sitting position, and having raised it in their arms, stood ready to move off. Beside me were the two ruffians, the cause of the whole affair. They lay full length, and quite still; the one nearest me on his back, his teeth clenched, and his face distorted with agony; his arms lay out at right angles to his body, and the fingers were tightly closed: I noticed several on the left hand were missing. There was a dark patch under his left side, towards me; but it might have been the shadow of his body. Beyond him lay his comrade, doubled up in a heap, his face underneath; the attitude was strained and unnatural, but might only have been the effects of fear.

Three men now stepped up and took hold of the body lying nearest to me; it never moved, but lay motionless and stiff in their arms, one leg dangling helplessly downwards. They lifted him towards the road-side, and, with a heave, flung him into the rice-fields; the body fell with a heavy splash, and that was all—no cry, no groan came back from the swamp. The men then took up the second; as they lifted him, a dark line oozed from his open jaws, and his head fell heavily on to his chest: again the rice-swamp splashed with its ghastly burden, and again all was still. The men returned, and we moved off, turning up the hill to the left. On the road behind us, two dark splotches marked the spot where the men had lain—there was no other sign to tell of the horrid doings the place had but just witnessed. After ascending for some distance, we came to a rough gully, and crossing this, found ourselves in a dry water-course. Here the four men who had carried me were relieved, and we again started.

The water-course tended sharply downwards, and was strewn with great water-worn boulders, that glistened strangely in the moonlight, and made walking extremely difficult; but the men were evidently well acquainted with the road, and never slackened their pace, or appeared uncertain of the direction to be taken. The water-course must have been a mile in length, and debouched into a narrow valley at right angles to it. Up this we turned. The hills on either side were rugged and broken—their great gray masses cropping out in jagged lines, and flinging themselves against the sky in huge pinnacles, not unlike old battlemented castles and keeps—a deception aided by the uncertain light. From these, long slopes of broken rock and *debris* shelved away to the centre of the valley, and over these our path lay. After following it for some miles, the leader called a halt. Just below the place was a little circle of stones, with a clear pool of water in the centre—the

first we had seen—and to this the men now hastened, the chief only remaining beside me, as a precaution, I suppose, against escape, though, what with loss of blood and the jolting of the litter, I was by no means in a state to attempt it.

When the men had refreshed themselves at the spring, they came up again, and squatted round us in silence. As soon as all were seated, the leader began talking in a quick impressive manner, the band listening attentively, but without showing any signs of acquiescence or approval. As the speaker went on, he evidently warmed to his subject, working himself up, throwing his arms about, and gesticulating wildly, till, suddenly jumping to his feet, he stretched out both his hands towards the opposite mountain, and uttering a wild prolonged guttural, seemed waiting for an answer. Nor were the men slow in giving one. Throwing off their lethargy, they sprang up, and uttering the same guttural cry, raised their right arms above their heads; then seizing my litter with a violence that almost capsized me, they followed the direction their chief had indicated. He had already crossed the valley, jumping from stone to stone: his wild figure, with its streaming blue clothes behind it, seeming to fly at times.

At the other side of the valley was a little stream, creeping down amongst the boulders, silent and dark; crossing it, the ascent commenced. I could not see any path; indeed, all along, the men had appeared to move by instinct rather than by any visible signs. Still, hitherto they had the sides of the valley to guide them, whereas now the gray hill seemed everywhere to melt into undefined space. Now and again, the rocks would close round us, shutting out the moonlight, and wrapping us in chilly darkness, from which there seemed to be no outlet, till, turning a corner, the hillside again glimmered before us. At every step, the ascent grew steeper, and the breathing of the men more laborious; they now took long, slow steps, keeping time with a low chant, resting every ten minutes or so, and relieving each other frequently. Presently, emerging from a chaos of rocks and boulders, we gained the crest of the hill, where the night-wind was blowing cold and strong. On either hand, seemed an impenetrable depth, the side we had ascended looking almost perpendicular in the uncertain light. After a few minutes of rest, the band started along the ridge, here unbroken and nearly level. In a short time, it rose again, if anything, steeper than before, and another climb began. Here I noticed we continually tended to the right, ascending in a sloping direction; the masses of rock, too, became fewer, with longer intervals between, disappearing altogether when we had gone some two miles or more. When they had entirely ceased, the direction was again changed—the leader moving across the mountain, in a line parallel with its base, and the band following him.

Owing to this change, they were able to push along much faster, and with fewer reliefs; and judging by their occasional remarks and frequent pointing ahead, I fancied we could not be far from our destination. Nor was I wrong. As we rose on the crest of a long ridge that rolled down the hillside, a white object appeared immediately in front, at the sight of which the men gave a grunt of satisfaction, and increasing their pace, soon came up to it. It was one of the large circular courtyards I have mentioned before, that the Chinese build in front of their burial-places. This one, from its size and remote situation, must have belonged to a family high in the land, though now fallen into disuse, and consequently chosen by my captors as a convenient retreat. Placing the litter down, two of the men made signs to me to rise. The cool air had revived me, and though still feeling weak, I was able to stand up, and walk across towards the back of the courtyard. Here was a small opening, into which one of the fellows entered on his hands and knees; and the other one, forcing me gently down into the same position, made signs for me to follow—the former one stretching out his hand from within for my guidance. In this way I crawled in.

The passage was quite dark, and was only just high enough to allow me to kneel upright; even then my head touched the roof. There was a damp, earthy feeling about it, and the sides were cold and clammy. After crawling for a few yards, the passage turned sharply to the right, and the glimmer of a light appeared. The passage now gradually grew larger, till, after a few more steps, I was able to stand upright; the next minute, we emerged from it altogether. I found myself in a small chamber about twenty feet square; the roof was low, not much over a tall man's head, and like the sides, was black with smoke and dirt. Opposite where I had entered was a second opening, like the first, without door or shutter of any kind. In the centre of the chamber stood a rough table, formed by some planks, supported on several loose piles of stones. Round this the leader and most of the men were standing—some taking off their waistbelts, and laying their long knives on the table; others drinking out of a bamboo-cup, which was constantly replenished from a gourd. Some rolls of matting, a pile of brass cooking-pots, and a few antique-looking *jingals* standing against the wall, completed the furniture of the place. The gourd was handed round by a little misshapen dwarf, with a huge head, and a row of teeth that protruded from his mouth like a rabbit's: his head was bare, save for a scrubby pigtail sticking straight out from the shining scalp; and his eyes twinkled with an expression that might have been merriment or malice, as circumstances prompted.

His remarks, as he poured out the liquor, seemed to be vastly comic, for, after each, the men chuckled and laughed, some slapping the little monster familiarly on the back, others bestowing an amiable kick.

I had been in the place some minutes before he saw me. I was leaning against the entrance, slightly in the shade of the light, which was not very brilliant, and so escaped notice; but the instant his eyes fell on me, he gave a skip forward, and standing on tiptoe, with his head on one side, looked straight up in my face. The look of the creature was so intensely comic, and the tuft at the back of his head gave it so extraordinary an appearance, that, notwithstanding my ticklish position, I could not help laughing outright. In no way disconcerted, he began patting me in a most patronising manner, jumping round me, and uttering a quick succession of sentences, at which the men laughed most heartily. Then putting on a serious face, he suddenly stopped in front of me, and placing his hands on his sides, began a long harangue in Chinese, interspersed with a few words of broken English, too mutilated to be intelligible. After this had gone on for some time, and the men seemed tired of their amusement, the chief broke out from the group that stood round, and pushing the dwarf roughly away, laid hold of my arm, and led me across to the table. Having reached it, he pointed to a large stone that lay beside it, and made signs for me to sit. I did so; but the exertion of standing so long, and walking to the table, made me feel giddy, and I leaned my head on my hands. At a word from the chief, one of the men brought me a bamboo cup; it was full of *samshoo*, a vile spirit made from rice; but I drank some of it, with an effort, and sat up.

Seeing me do so, the chief brought out from under the table a small roll of paper, very coarse and yellow; also a little slab, such as the Chinese use to rub their ink upon, and a small cake of ink, which one of his men began to rub on the slab. Then from his waistbelt he took the long box in which they carry pens, and opening it, took out a reed-pen, and laid it beside the paper; lastly, he drew his long-pointed knife, and laying it conspicuously before me, made signs for me to write. The band stood round the table mutely watching, the dwarf just opposite me, his head barely above it, his little eyes twinkling with malignant fun, and his hideous features working with the effort he was making to be silent.

Though I pretty well guessed what they wanted, still I pretended not to understand, shaking my head, and making no attempt at writing. On this, a couple of men stepped up, and laying hold of my shoulders so as to hold me down, placed both my arms on the table, the right one on the paper, the left stretched out towards the chief. Taking up the knife, he grasped my wrist, forcing my hand, palm downwards, on the boards, and placed it across my little finger, just above the knuckle, pressing it down so tightly as to draw blood; at the same time a man opposite raised a stone in his hand, and holding it over the knife, evidently waited for the word to strike. The rest of the men looked on in silence. Now their intentions were so plain, I saw it would be madness to resist: they had no doubt captured me in hopes of a ransom, and were ready to employ a method, very common amongst Chinese free-booters, to enforce their demands: a finger a day from my unlucky hands would be sent in to my friends, should they hesitate to pay the sum demanded. If this stratagem failed, there would, I knew, be but little hopes for my life: dead men tell no tales, and the jackals outside would soon put any proofs as to identity out of the question.

Making a sign of assent, I took up the pen. A sound of approbation broke from the fellows, and a low chorus of "Ah-yah!" "Ah-yah!" went round. The chief loosed my wrist. I placed the paper in front of me; dipped the pen, or rather brush, in the ink, and began my letter.

"The only personal friend I had at Whampoa, besides my shipmates, was the harbor-master, an old school-fellow, and holding an influential position; he would be, I thought, the most likely to help me. I therefore wrote as follows:

MY DEAR ELSTON—Myself and young George Thompson have been waylaid, and I am a prisoner in the mountains. Thompson is not with me. I don't know whether he is dead or alive. The fellows threaten to cut off my fingers if a ransom is not paid. Get assistance, and try and hunt out this place—a large tomb, lying about due west of Whampoa, on a bare hill-side, and, as near as I can judge, fifteen miles away. I cannot say any more, as it was dark when they brought me here. Try and help me, for the sake of old days, and promise money, or give it if necessary, so as to get time. I am in great peril. Thompson I lost sight of two miles from the ship, when I was knocked over. Yours ever,

EDWARD FAGAN.

Seeing I had finished, the chief nodding his approbation, made a sign to the dwarf. Jumping on the table, the imp squatted down before me, and laying hold of the letter, pretended to read it. When he had finished, he beckoned to one of the men, saying a few words; the fellow went to one corner of the place, stooped down, and picking up something, placed it on the table before the dwarf. It was a quantity of small pebbles, and these the dwarf began counting out, till he had a pile of a hundred. The chief then laying his knife beside them, called my attention to them, the dwarf holding up one finger as he did so. Seeing I comprehended, the chief now drew the heap away, and again returned them, the dwarf holding up two fingers—and this operation they repeated five times—when the chief, pushing them away, snatched up the knife, and with a quick gesture drew the back of it smartly across my fingers, pointing to the open letter as he did so. There was no mistaking this. Five hundred dollars were demanded as the price of my fingers; not an exorbitant demand, after all, but as impossible for me to realize as twenty times the sum would have been. But my only chance being delay, I added a postscript to my letter, as follows:—"The fellows value my fingers at ten pounds a piece; total value, five hundred dollars. For God's sake, don't delay!" Then closing the letter, I addressed it—"Captain Elston, Harbor-master, Whampoa; or, if absent—Captain Hamilton, C. B., H. M. S. *Alcestis* (*Immediate.*")

Having folded it, the chief gave it to one of the men, with a short order; the man undid one of the rolls of matting I have mentioned, taking from it a "jumper," and a pair of loose trowsers, of blue "dungaree," such as the natives about the English ships wear. These he exchanged with his rather wild-looking clothes, and placing the note in his round, flat cap, he left the cave by the way I had entered.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ Connecticut is, in proportion to its population, the richest state in the Union; the average property of every inhabitant is over $900, which is about one hundred dollars higher than the average in the state next highest—Rhode Island.

Strange, But Not Untrue.

BY COUNT CHAS. VETTER DU LYS.

The following story was told me by Captain Franger, of Hungary,—a model of an Hungarian landed gentleman—one evening that I spent, in company with a mutual friend, at his home, before the last revolution in Hungary. The Captain said:—

"When I had completed my education in a military academy in Vienna, I entered the Austrian army as an officer of engineers. It was a time of profound peace, which suited ill with my adventurous disposition, and after a few years spent in the dull routine of every-day service, I began to look about in all quarters for something to do in my own profession, of which I was exceedingly fond—more so, indeed, than I can now account for. While travelling about this time, I happened to meet a man who decided my fate. He was of high birth, and had the same roving, adventurous turn of mind as myself. We had not been long together before he proposed to me to accompany him to Spain, whither he was going to serve in the cause of Don Carlos. He gave such a glowing picture of the expedition that I made up my mind at once to quit my home-quarters; and a few days afterwards I found myself on the way to the land of the Cid. I have no intention of dilating to you on the condition of Spain at that time: let it suffice that that unhappy country was then as it ever has been, and probably ever will be, the battle-field of the ambitions and passions of many different parties; and that in addition civil war, the worst of scourges, was tearing the unfortunate land in pieces. I mean to keep strictly to the circumstances connected with my story. Well then, in one of the many skirmishes between the two parties, I was severely wounded in one arm, and the loss of blood which ensued was so great that I was forced to let my fellow-soldiers go on without me, and allow myself to be taken to a lonely mill situated in a little valley, near, but invisible from the high road. We happened to have three surgeons in our company, so that one was ordered to stay with me as long as I should have need of him. This special attention I owed, not only to my being captain on the general's staff, but still more to the influence of my friend the prince, who was in the court of 'Don Carlos.' Whether it was necessary or not I do not know, but my surgeon soon came to the conclusion that, if I wished to live, my arm must be cut off. Delirious with fever, I was not in a condition to make any resistance—and, indeed, the whole affair seemed to me so like a painful dream, that it was not till much later that I fully apprehended what had really happened. My surgeon soon left me: whether it was that he had done all he could for me, or that he feared to be taken prisoner by some detached troops of the Cristinos, I do not know, but so it was, that four days after my accident I was left entirely to the protection of my host and his family."

The captain here paused to fill his pipe, we did the same, and then he proceeded:—"There lived only three human beings in the lonely mill: the old miller himself, a son about twenty years of age, and Isabella, a daughter of fifteen. You have seen, of course, many pictures of Spanish girls in the full bloom of youth and beauty. Well, bring to your minds the most beautiful face among them all, join it to the most exquisite figure, and an expression lovely in its tenderness and innocence, and you have the picture of my nurse. But this is not a love story any more than a tale of history. I will leave it to your reading, imagination, and observation to fill up the gradual development of a love most natural, or rather inevitable. It was the one love of my life—nay, beside its passionate intensity all other feelings and incidents must pale. I will not, cannot describe it. To my story. My recovery was not interrupted by the visits of either friends or foes, as the scene of the war had been transferred to another part of the country; so that we not only had the blessing of peace, but could also, without fear of detection, send to a little town not very far off for all I wanted, so that I was able to inform my friends at home of my condition, and also managed to procure books and writing materials to teach my Isabella, whose education had been much neglected. She had great natural talents, the chief of which was her marvellous power of imitating everything she heard and saw, so that she learned to write in an incredibly short time. What she found most difficult to understand was society, its nature and prejudices, and more especially those relating to the obstacles which would undoubtedly be placed in the way of our marriage, for my father was a proud man, and one who I well knew would never be reconciled to such a piece of romantic folly, as he would designate my passion for Isabella. But when one is only twenty-four, and overwhelmed by love and gratitude, obstacles are only measured to be surmounted, and I kept assuring myself that my father's love for me and gratitude to my preserver could not fail to soften him towards both of us. Isabella's untiring care and tenderness to me during my illness could not, I thought, if known to him, fail to make their impression. My plan was to transport the little family to Germany; but this was summarily put an end to by a positive declaration on the part of the miller himself that he would never leave his home, and on the part of the son that he would never leave his father alone. On my part a marriage without paternal consent was out of the question, so there was nothing to be done but that I should return home alone to obtain my father's consent, and then come back to fetch my bride. I can hardly understand how I was so certain of the fulfillment of my wishes. But so it was. I had no intention of raising Isabella's hopes too high; but I was so certain of success that I found it impossible, in spite of my former cautions, to shake for a moment her confidence in a happy result. Thus the passion of her grief at our separation was lessened, although her keenly sensitive nature made our farewell most painful. She gave me at parting her dead mother's wedding-ring, the only one she had. I gave her in return one of turquoise, also a mother's gift.

"Before leaving the place, the scene to me of so much joy and sorrow, I purposely made the acquaintance of the priest of the nearest little town, a man of some cultivation, and of a simple and kind disposition. I told him all my story, left him as much money as I could spare before so long a journey, and made him promise solemnly that he would write to me every week, and enclose in his letter any lines that Isabella should send him. The directions I left with the priest provided, as it seemed to me, against every possible contingency. I then went home.

"There were no railways at that time, and one travelling from Spain to Hungary had a great journey before him. I must here remark that I had not dared to tell my father of the loss of my arm, but before starting I wrote to an old friend of his to prepare him for my maimed condition. This friend resided in the city of Leutschau, and as it was necessary for me to pass that way, I naturally stopped at his house, where I heard, to my great grief, that the old man had left his home to go to my father, who had fallen from his horse, and was very ill. You may imagine how I hastened home. I found my father alive, but suffering very much, and aggravating his position by a restless, impatient spirit. This was no time for telling a love story, the more so as the sight of my misfortune made him still more irritable than before. Week succeeded week, and still nothing had been done for the realization of my plans, and during all this time I had no news from Spain. There was, however, a cause for this in the disturbed state of the country, which was very unfavorable to correspondence. At the end of two months there came a letter from the priest, very short, and of an old date, which told little more than that my friends at the mill were well, but threatened by fear of inroads from the soldiery on the one hand, and from the cholera on the other. Terrible was the mental struggle I had to go through; love and duty called me to Spain, to shelter and comfort her whom I loved; love and duty chained me to the bedside of my suffering father, whose once powerful constitution was giving way with frightful rapidity.

"Another month without news from Isabella, without hope in the sick room. Then came two blows together. I had to bury my noble father, and to hear from the priest the crushing intelligence that all the inhabitants of the mill had fallen victims to cholera, and that he himself had buried Isabella, and with her all my hopes."

After these words of the captain there followed a deep silence. My friend and I were fully aware that this could not be the end of the story, but much as we wished to hear more, we dared not ask our host to continue. The silence was soon broken by the narrator himself:

"You can well imagine that though I had not the slightest reason for doubting the word of the old priest, I nevertheless made every possible inquiry as to the fate of the miller's family, and found it all too true; Isabella, her father, and her brother had died in the space of three days, the old man being the first, his son the last. I suffered much; but others have suffered more, and have endured it. I never loved again! Not that I shut myself up in my grief, nor that my heart refused to receive new impressions, but I was not in search of them, and they did not present themselves. I now turned all my thoughts to useful studies, and the pursuit of one of these led me to the strange adventure to which what I have already told you is only a necessary preface.

"Ten years after the event above related I found myself once more in Spain, and this time for a scientific purpose, viz., to increase my geological knowledge. One day during my travels I found myself not far from the spot so fatal to the happiness of my whole life; I could not resist the temptation of renewing the sweet, sad memories of the past. Late in the afternoon of a day in May I descended the narrow road leading to the valley in which lay the lonely mill. I was accompanied only by a boy who sat on the top of my luggage, piled on the back of his mule. The lazy fellow, stupified by sleep, took a wrong road, which nearly doubled the distance. Evening was fast approaching, and, what was still worse, a heavy storm was coming on. I had heard in the adjoining village that the mill was now a complete ruin; the sight of it was very painful to me, but hardly so much so as I had expected (thus does anticipation often surpass reality,) for crossing the deserted rooms I could with difficulty bring before my mind the hours long gone by, which had been passed there so happily. Be this as it may, certain it is that there was nothing morbid in my sad and thoughtful mood. The young peasant beside me vehemently declared the impossibility of crossing the mountain pass leading to the next little town before the storm, and that even after its actual cessation, the slippery state of the roads would make it still very dangerous; so there was nothing for it but to remain where we were, and the ever-increasing violence of the storm reconciled us to this dreary alternative. The boy fastened the mule in one of the deserted rooms, and I betook myself to my old sick chamber, there to spend the night. A fiercer storm I never witnessed, and the reverberation from the surrounding rocks increased tenfold the loudness of the thunder.

"This, however, did not prevent my donkey-boy from falling almost immediately into a profound slumber, while I busied myself in lighting a lantern, which I carried with me for geological purposes, there being many interesting caverns and grottoes in the neighborhood. By the aid of this light I managed to construct a bed, consisting of an old door stretched upon some faggots, which I covered with my plaid, using my knapsack as a pillow. Before lying down I made a general survey of my room, lighting up every corner with the lantern. Besides the door by which I had entered there was another, which was fastened with heavy nails, and led into the garden. There was also a cupboard in which lay something, which, as I touched it, brought back memories of the past, even to the minutest details. It was a sponge, hard and dry, which had often been used by Isabella for my wound. I had only two short wax candles for my lantern, so I had to make the most of them; that is, to extinguish the light as soon as possible and try to sleep. Easier said, however, than done, for the storm still continued, the rain beating into the room through the broken window-frame with the utmost violence. At last, however, fatigue overcame every other sensation, and I fell into a sound and dreamless sleep.

"I must have slept for several hours, when I was awakened by a tremendous peal of thunder, the precursor of a new tempest, as it proved. Vivid flashes of lightning followed each other in quick succession. This completely awakened me. After a short interval a more vivid flash than any former one illumined the whole room, and then I saw—yes, I saw most plainly—the heavily-fastened door which led into the garden standing wide open, and half-way between it and my bed stood the figure of Isabella's brother, not altered in any way, but dressed exactly as he used to be in white jacket and apron. Deep darkness followed; then another flash of lightning, in which I saw the same figure standing close beside my bed. He bent low, and placed on the ground something which he had before held in his outstretched hand. I started up; but the next flash showed me that the figure had vanished, the door was shut, and the room in its former state. First I examined the garden door, which I found to be as securely fastened as before with heavy nails; then I went through the whole house with my little lantern, and found nothing but the sleeping boy and his mule, so that I went back to my room much astonished at the strange trick my imagination had played me. As I drew near my bed the light of the lantern fell on the spot where the apparition had stood the second time, and there I saw on the floor a long wooden box. One glance only was necessary to identify it with that in which my arm had been buried. As I placed my lantern on the floor, and knelt down to examine it more nearly, I found that time and damp had so worn away the wood that it was quite easy to open. I did so, and there lay my poor hand and arm, dry, brown, but not a skeleton. On the little finger was the same turquoise ring I had given Isabella as a token of love and remembrance on the day of our farewell ten years ago."

The captain paused once more, and then proceeded in the same sad and quiet voice—

"In spite of the connected way in which the sight of the apparition was followed by the finding of the box, I still could not believe that there was aught unearthly in the occurrence, but waited quietly till the next morning to find some natural explanation. I never found one, in spite of all the time and trouble which I devoted to the search. After spending more than a week in the immediate vicinity, and employing every means which money could procure, I gave up all hopes of solving the riddle, and no light has since been thrown on the subject."

"But your suppositions?" suggested my friend.

"I had to give them up one by one, from some evident impossibility or contradiction."

"And the amputated arm?" said I.

"It is here," said the captain; and rising, he took a candle. "If you would like to see it, follow me."

We followed him to an adjoining room, where near his bed, on a table, stood a kind of coffin covered with black cloth. This he raised, and we saw in a glass case the hand and arm, brown and dried as its owner had described it, and on the little finger a ring—fair Isabella's love-token from her lover.

The next morning we left our gracious host. As our carriage drove off, I saw him standing under the porch of his house, erect, brave, and tranquil, the very image of gentleness and truth. Remembering the strange story he had told us, I could but repeat the words of Hamlet—

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Earth's Curiosities.

At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, whenever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the new-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor drought. But what is the most remarkable in this operation is the layer of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mason work.

CHILDREN IN DEMAND.—The New York papers say it is a curious fact that, in that city, the demand for children for adoption is in advance of the supply. The number of foundlings received by the police was one hundred and seventy-six in 1867, and this is an increase on the previous year; yet the authorities of various New York benevolent associations assert that they are unable to meet the demand for healthy infants for adoption. The number of persons in New York without children of their own, who wish to have a child to bring up, is large and increasing. Girls are preferred to boys, and even crippled children are not refused.

☞ La Muette, the beautiful property of Erard, the great piano manufacturer, was his delight and pride. His pianos of world-wide celebrity were nothing to him in comparison to his parks, with its arched, grassy avenues, its graceful statues, and its wealth of flowers. But the unmerciful railway cut through it, in spite of Erard's entreaties and indignant contentions; the poor piano maker could not bear it, and went entirely mad on that point. He would not allow his garden to be touched from the moment of its desecration; the paths grew mossy, the avenues dark and gloomy, and the trumpet flowers, trained to hang over the edge of the surrounding moat, ran wild, and flung a tangled luxuriance of beauty over the ditch. Erard passed his time sitting in his garden near the fatal cutting, shaking his fist and making fearful grimaces at the trains as they rattled past, and this he did until he died.

☞ "What is your line?" Mr. A. T. Stewart is reported by the trite tradition of the counter to have asked a huge being, arrayed like the lilies of the field, who applied to him for employment. "I—ah—I stand in the door and smile," made answer the gorgeous inutility in question.

Bee Hunting in Australia.

The wild bee of Australia differs little in size and appearance from our common housefly, and is stingless. Most of the trees in that country are hollow, and it is in the cavities of the branches that the bees deposit their honey, at a considerable distance from the ground. It is of an aromatic taste, and chiefly gathered from the leaves and blossoms of the different trees that clothe the whole country, from the summits of the mountains to the sea-shore, with the exception of occasional plains, which are of rare occurrence. By the aborigines of Australia this honey is regarded as a great luxury, and it is interesting to note with what sagacity they contrive to indulge their taste for it—searching it out with infallible eyesight, and with amazing delicacy of touch. Their method of finding these natural hives, which are not numerous, is curious, not only from the fact that the most minute observation and the most delicate manipulation must have been required to enable the inventor of it to succeed, but also because it displays a knowledge of the natural history of the insect, such as I can venture to say, a large portion of the civilized world does not possess.

From the absence in many parts of the bush of Australia of flowers, the little native bee may be seen busily working on the bark of the trees, and unlike the bee of this country, which is ever on the move from flower to flower, it seems to be unconscious of danger. This may arise from the vastness of the solitudes in Australia, which are seldom or ever disturbed, except by a passing tribe, or by its own wild denizens, which are far from numerous. The bee is therefore easily approached, and the bright clear atmosphere of the climate is peculiarly favorable to the pursuit.

A party of two or three natives, armed with a tomahawk, sally forth into the bush, having previously provided themselves with the soft white down from the breast of some bird, which is very light in texture, and at the same time very fluffy. With that wonderful quickness of sight which practice has rendered perfect, they descry the little brownish leaden-colored insect on the bark, and rolling up an end of the down feather to the finest possible point between their fingers, they dip it into a gummy substance, which a peculiar sort of herb exudes when the stem is broken. They then cautiously approach the bee, and with great delicacy of touch place the gummed point under the hind legs of the bee. It at once adheres. Then comes the result, for which all this preparation has been made. The bee, feeling the additional weight, fancies he has done his task and is laden with honey, and flies off the tree on his homeward journey, at not a great distance from the ground. The small white feather is now all that can be discerned, and the hunt at once commences. Running on foot amid broken branches, and stony ground requires, one would think, the aid of one's eyesight; but with the native Australians it is not so. Without for a moment taking their eyes off the object, they follow it, sometimes to the distance of half a mile, and rarely, if ever, fail in marking the very branch where they saw the little bit of white down disappear at the entrance of the hive. Here there is a halt, the prize is found, and they sit down to regain their breath, before ascending the tree, and to light a pipe, to which old and young men, women, and children, are extremely partial.

When the rest and smoke are over, with one arm round the tree, and the tomahawk in the other, the black man cuts notches in the bark, and placing the big toe in the notches, ascends this hastily-constructed stair, till he comes to where the branches commence; then, putting the handle of the tomahawk between his teeth, he climbs with the ease and agility of a monkey, till he reaches the branch where last he saw the white down disappear; he then carefully sounds the branches with the back of his tomahawk till the dull as distinct from the hollow sound tells him where the hive is; a hole is then cut, and he puts his hand in and takes the honey out. If alone, the savage eats when up the tree till he can eat no more, and leaves the rest; but if with others, he cuts a square piece of bark, and after having had the part of the hive as a reward for his exertion, brings down a mass of honey and comb mixed up together, which, though not inviting, is greedily devoured by those below.

☞ SINCERITY.—Niece. "I'm writing to Clara Smith, aunt. Shall I say anything from you?" Aunt. "You may give her my love, dear. How I do dislike that girl, to be sure!"

☞ There is a certain lady of rank and fashion in Paris who constantly believes herself to be dying. To her husband, who is absent on a political mission, she recently sent the following telegram: "Return instantly. I am very ill—dying." To which M. de ——— replied: "Pressing business. Wait a fortnight. Madame de ——— has waited."

☞ Not many months since a well-to-do farmer of a Connecticut village went to the telegraph office and wished to send a despatch to his friends of the death and funeral of his wife. Being somewhat acquainted with the man, a lady operator expressed sympathy for him and his motherless children; whereupon the afflicted widower sobbed aloud and the tears rapidly coursed down his cheeks. At last, becoming a little more composed, he said: "Yes, she's dead. She was worn out like an old setting hen. She died without a kick."

☞ A fortune hunter, being in a ballroom, heard a gentleman giving an account of the death of a rich old widow. "Died yesterday, in her eighty-ninth year," said the narrator. "What a pity!" exclaimed the fortune hunter; "what a fine match she would have made two days ago!"

☞ Cosmetics are to the face what affection is to the manners; they impose on few and disgust many.

☞ Paper boats for racing purposes, seem to be growing in favor, and may soon supersede those made of wood. Messrs. Waters & Son, of Troy, are now building a six-oared boat for the Harvard University Club. Its weight will be only about 100 pounds, fully one-half less than the lightest wooden boats ever constructed.

☞ There are said to be five thousand Mormons in New York city.

☞ The citizens of St. Paul, Minneapolis, and St. Anthony, Minn., all lying contiguous to each other, have projected a park "as is" a park. They propose to combine and purchase from the Government the Falls of Minnehaha, and several thousand acres of adjacent land, from which a pleasure-ground can be formed on a truly liberal scale.

☞ The silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. About 10,000 bbls sold at $7,75@8,75 for superfine; $8,75@10 for extra; $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy Northwest family; $10@12 for Penna extra family; $11,50@13 for Ohio extra family; $14,50 for Union Mills, Va., fancy, and $13@15 ₩ bbl for Penna and Western fancy, according to quality. Rye Flour; 400 bbls sold in lots at $8,50@8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. About 30,000 bus red sold at $2,75 for choice; $2,70@2,72 for prime; $2,60@2,67 for fair to good; $2,50@2,55 for common; 15,000 bus No 2 spring at $2,33, and 6000 bus white at $3@3,30 ₩ bus. Rye; 3000 bus prime Penna sold at $1,35 ₩ bus. Corn; 36,000 bus Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,17@1,20; 30,0 bus white at $1,12@1,14; 31,000 bus Western mixed at $1,17@1,20, and 2500 bus damaged at $1,05@1,08 ₩ bus. Oats; 8000 bus Western sold at 80@81c; 28,000 bus Penna at 82c; 6000 bus Penna at 85c, and 4000 bus prime light Penna and Delaware at 87c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Mess Pork at $25,50@26, and prime at $23. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $24,50@25,50. Beef Hams sell at $27@29 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 17@19½c; sides at 14@14½c, and shoulders at 12½@12½c ₩ lb. Green Meats—200 tcs of pickled hams sold at 15½@18½c, and shoulders at 11½@11½c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 17@17½c ₩ lb, and kegs in small lots at 17½c ₩ lb. Prime Butter is in fair demand. Sales of solid packed at 15@20c, and roll at 30@31c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 28@30c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 1000 bales of middlings sold in lots at 25@25½c for Uplands and 26@26½c for New Orleans.

BARK—Sale first No. 1 Quercitron at $36 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—Sales of 900 lbs at 50@50c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of 4000 lbs at 6½@6¾c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@9c, and 5000 lbs of halves at 11½@12c ₩ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 15@22c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $3@6,50 ₩ bbl.

IRON—Pig Iron is in fair demand. Sales of Anthracite at $28@29 for No 1; $36@37 for No 2; and $34@35 ₩ ton for hard.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1400 bus sold at $7,50@8,25 for fair to prime Pennsylvania, and $8,25@9,50 ₩ bus for good to choice Western. Timothy—600 bus sold, in lots, at $2,50@2,75 ₩ bus, according to quality. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $3 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 11½@11¾c for City rendered, and 10½@10¾c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Sales of 100,000 lbs, in lots, at 55@60c for double extra; 50@52c for extra; 48@41c for fine; 45@48 for medium; 38@43c for coarse; 48@55c for tub; and 40@42c ₩ lb for pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 400 head. The prices realized from 10½@11¼ cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $35 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 7½@8¾ cts ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13 to 14,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in this paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are bogus or imitators. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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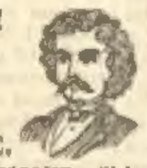

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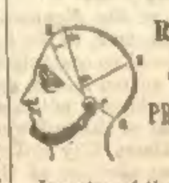

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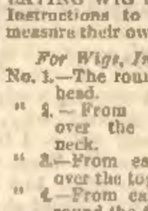

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Caught.

Lord Kellie was, like his prototype, Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. A. B., the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humor, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not escape—he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. B. being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur a forfeit. "One day," said he, in his pompous manner, "a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something useful. Having secured the pulpit-cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course immediately rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell, as I now address your lordship: 'Had it not been,' said he, 'for your long tongue, and your empty head, I should have made my escape.'"

Where to Live.

All good men should live in Archangel; all angry men in Ireland.

All murderers in Kildare; all circus men in Somerset.

All brokers in Stockholm; all cold men in Chili.

All geometricians in Cuba; all fools in Folly Island.

All horticulturists in Botany Bay; all wags in the Bay of Fundy.

All perfumers in Muskat of Cologne; all brewers in Malta.

All gluttons in Turkey; all beggars in Hungary.

All laconic men in Laconia; all mourners in Siberia or Wales.

All confectioners in Candia; all children in the Crimea.

All ci' speculators in Greece; all gamblers in the Faroe Isles.

All stumblers in Tripoli; all curious men in Pekin.

All shoemakers in Bootan; all soldiers in Armenia or Warsaw.

A Touching Appeal.

During a visit of some of the dignitaries of New Hampshire, last summer, to the Isle of Shoals, which had suffered so severely by fire, they went into the school house, and after listening to the recitations, a collection was proposed for the benefit of the sufferers, which resulted in only about fifty dollars being given. A prominent member of the state government, in order to induce a more generous contribution, essayed a speech. "Gentlemen," said he, "what a beautiful sight this is. Here we find, away out upon this waste of waters, isolated and cut off as it were from the world, a church, a school house, and a pretty school teacher; why, up in Hillsborough county, near where I live, we have neither, *thank God!*" What the gentleman meant was not so clear, but the result was. The laugh that followed shook the wallets of the company to the surface, and the greenbacks came down liberally.

An Indian Justice.

"Pale face, what be you?" "Justice of the peace, John." "You pale-face justice—me Injun justice. Me go home t'other day, and the tribe make me big man, too." "Ah," answered Colonel K——, who enjoyed a joke as well as most men, "ah, John, I am glad to hear it. Have you had any cases yet?" "Yes, me had one bad case, berry bad." "Tell me about it, John. What kind of a case was it?" "Me find Injun with a big jug of fire-water." "That was bad, indeed. What did you do?" "Me take him jug away and drink him myself." And he strutted out self-satisfied; while those in the office agreed, as well as they could for laughter, that his idea of justice was fully as legal as many of the decisions of some who had whiter skins.

A New Reading.—A short time since a young friend of mine was reciting a lesson from the New Testament. The fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, containing the account of the return of the Prodigal Son, was selected for consideration.

Coming to the passage, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him," he rendered it: "When he was yet a great way off, his father ran to him and fell upon him and *kicked* him." And, with his face brightening up, the reader exclaimed, "And served him right, too!"

Literally Rendered.—A bright youth in one of our Sunday-schools, in an answer to a question, had occasion to read the last two verses of the thirteenth chapter of Isaiah from a "Pollygott" Bible, and omitting none of the figures, rendered it: "But (seven) wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of (eight) doleful creatures; and (nine) owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the (ten) wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their (eleven) desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces."

A Joke of English Sheridan.—Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots, these attracting the notice of some of his friends.

"Now guess," said he, "how I came by these new boots?"

Many *probable* guesses then took place.

"No," said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit, nor ever will; I bought them, and paid for them!"

☞ Punch has a "charade for costermongers." My first is unfathomable, my second is odoriferous, and my whole is a people of Africa—Abyss-inians.

A HINT TO HAIR-DRESSERS.

HOW TO MAKE THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS PAY HANDSOMELY.

Brazil—as Seen by Mr. Agassiz.

In spite of a laudable desire to find something to praise in people who have treated them with so much kindness, neither the Professor nor Mrs. Agassiz succeed in giving us a very favorable idea of their hospitable entertainers. The Brazilian Government, they tell us, is enlightened, and endeavors to do what it can for science. Still this intelligent Government has a pleasant way of recruiting its armies; it sends out a press-gang which catches unlucky Indians, totally ignorant of Portuguese, and not having a notion of the cause of their arrest; it chains them together two and two like criminals, and marches them to the towns, or has their legs passed through heavy blocks of wood, and sends them on board its steamboats. They are sent off to the war, and the province from which they are taken boasts of its large contribution to the national forces. Again, the emancipation question is treated in a far more moderate spirit than has been the case in the United States; slavery is gradually dying down under a reasonable system; emancipation is frequent, and slave-labor is by degrees being limited to agricultural purposes. On the other hand, the mixture of races seems to be producing the worst effects. According to Professor Agassiz, the amalgamation of the white, negro, and Indian races, is producing a "mongrel nondescript type, deficient in mental and physical energy," and without the good qualities of any of its progenitors. It is remarkable that in these cross-breeds the tendency seems to be to revert to the Indian type, with a gradual obliteration both of white and negro characteristics. The absence of any strong prejudices against race is marked by the election of a negro as Professor of Latin, in preference to candidates of other races; but, if M. Agassiz is correct, the absence of social distinction produces anything but a healthy effect upon the physical character of the race. The whites themselves come in for some severe criticism. The women, we are told, are scarcely educated at all; the priests have the merit of patriotism, but seem to be ignorant, immoral, and indolent; and the towns along the river are for the most part in a state of decay. It is only fair to add that M. Agassiz discovers many more promising symptoms in various directions, and expresses a "deep-rooted belief in the future progress and prosperity of Brazil, and sincere personal gratitude towards her." But we cannot say that a perusal of the journal tends to confirm this impression in his readers. We are struck by the hospitality and kindness of the people, and even by the sympathy felt by many of them in the author's scientific pursuits; but, on the whole, we receive an impression of general indolence and apathy on the part of the majority of the civilized inhabitants. Mrs. Agassiz tells us that the flowers of the Amazonian forests always remind her of hot-house plants—that there comes "a warm breath from the depths of the wood laden with moisture and perfume, like the air from the open door of a conservatory;" and we seem to perceive that the Brazilians themselves have suffered not a little from the hot-house atmosphere in which they live. The children, we are told, have a generally unhealthy appearance; and the population as well as the products of the country seem to be rendered languid by the everlasting vapor-bath in which they pass their days.

Old Boys.

We don't meet with so many old boys as old girls in society. When we do come across one he seems still more offensive. What excuse has he for falling back upon the subterfuges of art, the dyed hair, the stays, that confess and expose rather than hide his bulk, the polished boots that give the lie to the gouty feet they cover? When we see old boys condescending to such arts we cannot allow them pity, for they are only deserving of contempt. As they possess a stronger brain and a stronger frame than the "old girls," they ought rather to teach them the lesson of life than condescend to copy from them the deceptive arts of Venus. When once the "old boy" takes to "making up," it would seem as though the whole condition of his body and mind crystalizes for the next twenty years at least. We go abroad and shake the old boy by the hand with the most affectionate adieu. We come back again, after passing through a thousand vicissitudes, and there he is again, still the old boy, sustained by his patent belt, polished in his boots, untouched by a tinge of gray; there seems little chance that with such aids he will ever walk arm-in-arm with time again. But some little accident happens, some serious illness overtakes him, and he reappears in the world once more a very old, white-headed man—all the more elderly for the care he has so long taken to keep the fatal scythe-man at a distance. On such occasions the friends of the "old boy" feel a kind of shock—it seems as though a generation had suddenly fallen out of their reckoning—as though they, too, must have suddenly slipped into years. It is on such occasions that the bitter folly of the "old boy" strikes one with dramatic effect. Surely, he might have taken his age kindly, might have allowed his life to slip on without this vain attempt to arrest it.

For him there are none of the excuses that may be pleaded for the "old girl." Youth with her is the one gift to which she may be excused for clinging; for the cold shade of old-maidism is a positive evil which she may be pardoned for entering unwillingly.

A man should remember that he has a longer lease in being considered younger in years than a woman, and, therefore, when age does come he should accept it. A man between forty and fifty can afford to confess his age; an unmarried woman, still wishing to become a *better half*, at that age trembles at the sight of "more gray hairs." She knows her mind has not been tended as carefully as her face, and that when she leaves off paint she flings away her false happiness.

What a relief it is to come across a few who take their age kindly. The mind, we may be sure, has been well trained and tended, and carries its fascination in the face, still keeping the spirit fresh as it gathers knowledge in years. And thus it is we come across old people, who, while enjoying the merriment of youth, can still retire to their arm-chair to have their after-dinner nap, without the dreadful bugbear of being considered old.

About every fifteen years there is a certainty of a great change taking place in all faces; at least we start from twenty to thirty-five, thereafter there is no use in saying "not quite thirty." Accept the thirty-five, and you must accept each stage as it comes with dress and manner in accordance; and when the final scene arrives—when the curtain gradually falls never to rise again—you will be remembered with love and respect.

AGRICULTURAL.

Trees by the Wayside.

As we were travelling recently through the town of Waldoboro', (says the Maine Farmer,) we noticed that long rows of trees were growing by the roadside in the pastures, and forming a good fence. We have sometimes wondered that men owning wet and clayey pasture land where the fir and the spruce grew spontaneously, and where fencing stuff was scarce and dear, did not set out these trees on the lines of fences, especially by the road side. A man with his boys could set out several rods in a day, which in a few years would be a perfect protection, and in the course of twenty years may be cut for wood. Men will frequently go six miles after wood without thinking of some provision for the future. It is a hard way to live. Persons living on the line of a railroad could set out a row of maples or elms, or other trees next to the fence, where they would grow, doing no injury to anybody. Some of the best farms we know of in the state have their long rows of apple-trees by the road-side, grafted and productive. Good farming does not look wholly to the present. It lays plans to be sure for a present crop, but also for the future. Plans for the future when well laid are equivalent to money at interest. Both principal and interest will be sure to return in due time. The great fault with the most of us is, that we lay these plans too late in life, and then feel less courage to take hold of a new enterprize. Attend to it now!

Manure for Potatoes.—I will give you a receipt for raising potatoes, that is worth the price of your paper for one year to any farmer that is short of manure. It is as good as the best superphosphate of lime, and it will not cost half as much. I have tried it two years, and I am satisfied that it is good on dry land. Take one cask of lime and slack it with water, and then stir in one bushel of fine salt, and then mix in loam, enough so that it will not become mortar; it will make about five barrels. Put in half a pint in a hill, at planting.—*Massachusetts Farmer.*

A New Supply of Beef.

Our readers have probably noticed in the journals of the day, the arrival in this country of Prof. John Gamgee, of London, a gentleman who has distinguished himself not only for the eminent position in his profession (that of Veterinary Surgeon) which he has attained, being in advance of any man who speaks the English language, but also for his untiring efforts to prevent the spread of contagious diseases among animals.

His visit to this country is in connection with a supply of animal food at comparatively small cost. It is well known that a large number of cattle in South American and Texas, are slaughtered, the hides and tallow being the only part of the animal from which any revenue is derived. By a process for which he has letters patent, meat is subjected to heat for several weeks, and remains perfectly sweet and nutritious. We ate last week (says the editor of the New England Farmer,) a piece of mutton killed the first of November, which was subjected to eighty degrees of heat for ten weeks, then transported across the Atlantic in the hold of a ship. It was perfectly sweet, juicy, and retained the flavor of mutton; in fact no one could have supposed it had been killed more than ten days.

Sheep Raising.

Lieut. Gov. Stanton, of Ohio, says in regard to sheep raising in England:

One thing that struck me very forcibly was, that all farmers testified that sheep raising was absolutely indispensable to successful farming; that their manure was necessary to preserve the fertility of the soil; and that without them the whole kingdom would, in a few years, be reduced to barrenness and sterility. It is in this view that I regard sheep raising in this country as more important to the ultimate and permanent prosperity of the country, than on account of their profits. Whatever else may happen, we cannot permit the virgin soil and these beautiful fields of ours to be reduced to barrenness by the time they pass into the hands of our children and grand children. Their fertility must be preserved at all hazards, even at the expense of present profit.

Management of Poultry.—Solon Robinson, in his book, *Facts for Farmers*, says: "If you don't want hens in mischief, feed them; and at times when it is really necessary shut them in a poultry yard and feed them; and adopt this simple rule for feeding fowls, known to most housewives in the country who have charge of poultry, but it may be useful to amateurs, and as it is very short we print it. Here it is:—Don't feed too much. That is all; though we may add that food should never be given to fowls unless they are hungry enough to 'run crazy' after it; and just as soon as they stop running crazy, you stop throwing feed, and never—no, never—leave feed lying by your fowls 'for them to eat at leisure.' This same rule does pretty well for all other domestic animals—children included."

RECEIPTS.

Baked Fish.—Put fish in a bakepan with a little water, a few slices of onion and carrot, which add their sugar to the sauce. No good gravy can be made without these two vegetables. Parsley, thyme and bay leaf. If the fish water dries too fast while baking, add a little warm water. A fork will tell when the fish is done by its flaking. Take out the fish and simmer the pan on the fire to make gravy. A little broth is an addition.

Oyster Omelets.—Allow for every six large oysters or twelve small ones, one egg. Remove the hard part, and mince the remainder of the oyster very fine; take the yolks of eight and the white of four eggs, beat them until very light, then mix in the oysters, with a little pepper, and beat all up thoroughly; put in the frying-pan a gill of butter, and move it about until it melts; when the butter boils in the pan, skim it and turn in the omelet, stir it until it begins to stiffen, fry it a light brown, lift the edge carefully and slip a round-pointed knife under; do not let it be overdone, but as soon as the under-side is a light brown, turn it on to a very hot plate; never fold this omelet over, it will make it heavy. If you want to brown it highly you can hold a red-hot shovel over it.

Egg Toast.—For a small family use half a dozen eggs, which must be beaten very light. Put as much butter as would half fill a teacup in the pan, and let it become very hot. Then dip some slices of bread (cut as you would for the table) into the egg, and after the pan is sufficiently filled, pour the remainder of the egg over the slices of bread. When slightly brown on one side, turn and brown on the other.

Asparagus should be thrown into boiling hot water, salted, and boiled till three-quarters cooked. Longer boiling makes them tasteless. A spoonful of butter and flour melted in a pan, with half a pint of hot water added and stewed, makes a good sauce.

Fried Asparagus.—Four tablespoonfuls of flour, salt, cold water, stirred together in a bowl to a thick batter. Beat two whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in with the rest. Throw the tops of asparagus in boiling water, with a little suet, till half done. Then throw them in the batter, hook them out and fry with hot fat.

Frangipanni.—This can be served as it is, cold, as a dessert, or as an entremet. Put two ounces of flour in a clean saucepan (on the table) and mix in two eggs; grate in a little orange or lemon rind to flavor it, then stir in two ounces of sugar; then one quart of milk; an egg beater is good to mix with. Now set it on the fire, and stir it constantly. This was on seven minutes.

Cake with Almonds.—Pound two ounces of sweet blanched almonds with two ounces of fine white sugar. Mix in a bowl two ounces of sugar and four yolks of eggs. Mix the almond paste into the bowl little by little. The almonds may be blanched or skinned by being dipped a short time in boiling water, when they peel easily. Wash the mixture in your bowl well. The four whites beat to a stiff froth and mix in well with the rest. Mix in four ounces of flour, sifted, and dried in a gentle heat. Put all in a butter-greased mould. Put it in the oven. It need not be very quick.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 80 letters.
My 1, 27, 32, 41, 70, is a divine messenger.
My 2, 38, 30, 44, 60, is a man of extraordinary stature.
My 40, 3, 57, 68, 34, is an animal for draught.
My 51, 23, 4, 42, 36, is an apparition.
My 31, 35, 5, 49, 17, is the point opposite the zenith.
My 6, 47, 58, 64, 29, is one of the points of the compass.
My 22, 7, 75, 55, 62, is a rude Indian boat.
My 8, 19, 70, 72, 46, is a copy.
My 39, 79, 24, 54, 9, is an aromatic spice.
My 20, 66, 25, 10, 50, is a vessel to hold water.
My 11, 61, 74, 52, 28, is an arrow.
My 12, 69, 48, 26, 37, is a large stream of water.
My 13, 33, 45, 78, 63, is warmth.
My 14, 73, 56, 18, 65, is exactness.
My 15, 59, 71, 21, 67, is a harbor.
My 43, 80, 53, 77, 16, is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

FRANCIS M. PRIEST.
Bryan, Ohio.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 11, 27, 14, 10, 5, 18, is to engage.
My 23, 20, 7, 13, 1, is to restrain.
My 9, 25, 12, 6, 27, is to relinquish.
My 2, 17, 11, 23, 8, 16, is a kind of sledge.
My 15, 19, 24, 4, 2, is to catch.
My 28, 21, 1, 26, 8, 16, is a seat.
My whole is a great historical event.

Andover, N. Y. GEO. A. GREEN.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain gentlemen bought a valuable farm, which was divided into four unequal fields, paying as many dollars per acre for each field as there were acres in that field. The whole farm contained 43 acres, and cost the gentleman $1,003. The sum paid for the first field was to the sum paid for the second field, as the price of one acre of the second field was to the price of one acre of the third field, or as the price of one acre of the third field was to the price of one acre of the fourth. Required—The number of acres in each field.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By selling a coat at 24 dollars, I lose as much per cent. as the coat cost me. What did it cost? W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When does a sailor take least room in a ship? Ans.—When he sleeps in his watch.

☞ In what way does a lady treat a man like a telescope? Ans.—Pull him out, look him through, and shut him up.

☞ Who was the first woman? Ans.—Adam, because he was the first made.

☞ When should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry. Ans.—When he wants a bar made.

☞ Why was Adam the best runner that ever lived? Ans.—Because he was first in the human race.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Horace Greeley. ENIGMA—Rollin's Ancient History. CHARADE—The letter E.

A Mixed Family.

A gentleman well known relates the following curious family experience:—

I got acquainted with a young widow who lived with her step-daughter in the same house; I married the widow; my father married the step-daughter of my wife; my wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother; and I am the step-father of my mother-in-law; my step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother; but, because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother; my wife has also a boy; my step-mother is, consequently, the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son, and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife; I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-law of my mother; my wife is the aunt of her own son; my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather.

Acknowledgment of Providence.

A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone by him that might easily have gone through him; and by what little, odd, unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and a Divine hand, we do, by the same assertion, cashier all providence, strip the Almighty of His noblest prerogative, and make God, not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.—*Dr. South.*